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REMAN, Edward.

Tom Jones.

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REVISED PERFORMING EDITION

TOM JONES

A COMIC OPERA

WRITTEN BY

A. M. THOMPSON

AND

R. COURTNEIDGE

LYRICS BY

CHAS. H. TAYLOR

MUSIC BY

EDWARD GERMAN

Price 4/- net

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.

50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

NEW YORK — SYDNEY

*Application for permission to perform this work must be
made to Chappell & Co., Ltd.*

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35260

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TOM JONES (a Foundling)
 MR. ALLWORTHY (a Somersetshire Magistrate)
 BLIFIL (his Nephew)
 BENJAMIN PARTRIDGE (a Village Barber)
 SQUIRE WESTERN ("A Fine Old English Gentleman")
 GREGORY
 GRIZZLE } (his Servants)
 DOBBIN }
 SQUIRE CLODDY }
 PIMLOTT } (Friends of Squire Western)
 TONY }
 AN OFFICER
 TWO HIGHWAYMEN
 POSTBOY
 WAITER
 COLONEL HAMPSTEAD
 TOM EDWARDS
 COLONEL WILLCOX
 HONOUR (Maid to Sophia)
 MISS WESTERN (Squire Western's Sister)
 LADY BELLASTON (a Lady of Quality)
 ETOFF (her Maid)
 HOSTESS OF THE INN AT UPTON
 BETTIE WISEACRE
 LETTIE WHEATCROFT } (Friends of Sophia)
 ROSIE LUCAS }
 SUSAN (Serving Maid at Upton)
 BETTY } (Waiting Maids)
 PEGGY }
 and
 SOPHIA (Squire Western's Daughter)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

ACT I.—THE LAWN AT SQUIRE WESTERN'S

ACT II.—THE INN AT UPTON

ACT III.—RANELAGH GARDENS

TOM JONES

ACT I.

SCENE :—*Garden at SQUIRE WESTERN'S.*

(*Discovered* PIMLOTT, SQUIRE CLODDY, BETTIE WISEACRE, LETTIE WHEATCROFT, ROSIE LUCAS, TONY.

(*Chorus of Huntsmen within. Ladies in garden break into gossiping chorus. Enter GRIZZLE L.U.E. with tray of teacups, crosses R. slowly, offering tea to Ladies and Gentlemen, and exit R.*

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS.

Don't you find the weather charming ?

Quite a warm October day.

Have you heard the news alarming ?

Lady Betty's run away !

Lady Betty, who may she be ?

Wife of gay Lord Thistledown.

Really, now ! and who may he be ?

Sure, 'tis all the talk in town !

Biddy Prim's returned, declaring

That the dames at Ranelagh

All the season have been wearing

Tiffany and taffeta.

Paduasoy in Chaney green

Is everywhere the thing.

Sophy Tiverton has been

Presented to the King.

Well-a-day !

[Huntsmen enter R. and L. during above Chorus.

Gone away ! Hark forward !

The fox is found—

Fly horse and hound ;

But on her day, I swear

There never was horse to cover the ground

Like the old grey mare !

And then we come to Bottom Spinney,

Hark ! the horses give a whinny.

" Yoicks ! " says Harry the Whip, " He's found ! "

Tally Ho ! and away we tear,

And hard on the heels of the hindmost hound

Comes Pattison's old grey mare.

LADIES.

Hark ! our spouses, sharp their wits,
With conversation as befits
Their rank and station.
To carouse is an extremely
And supremely
Gentlemanly occupation.

HUNTSMEN.

Tally ho !

LADIES.

Don't you find the weather charming ? etc.

HUNTSMEN.

Gone away ! Hark forward !

PIMLOTT (c.) But the guest of the day—where be Tom Jones ?

ALL MEN. Aye, where be Tom Jones ?

BETTIE. Why should you think he was here ?

PIMLOTT. We know Tom Jones's weakness. (*Laugh.*)

LETTIE. Nay, if it be weakness to admire bright eyes, you strong men had best get back to your bottle. (*Laugh.*)

CLODDY. Harkee ! How she flares in defence of Tom Jones.

BETTIE. (L.) And, by the way, where's Sophia Western ?

ROSIE. (R.C.) Why, she be stole away, too.

TONY. (L.C.) You don't suppose—(*Laugh*)—why, sure, Squire Western's daughter would turn up her nose at a penniless foundling like Tom Jones.

LETTIE. (*Crosses to R.C.*) Aye ! many a girl turns up her nose to leave more room for a kiss beneath. (*Crosses to R.*)

TONY. Tut, tut ! Why, harkee ! I've heard that Squire Western is even now making a match of it between Miss Sophia and Mr. Allworthy's nephew Blifil.

OMNES. Mr. Blifil !

ROSIE. La ! If Mr. Blifil were to marry me, I'd scratch him. (*Crosses L.*)

PIMLOTT. And if Tom Jones were to ask you ?

ROSIE. Sure, I'd ask him myself, if I were old enough.

WESTERN. (*Outside*) Hello ! Tally Ho !

CLODDY. Here comes Squire.

(*Enter SQUIRE WESTERN R., comes down L.*)

WESTERN. Have you found the rogue ? Where be Tom Jones ? Where be Gregory ? Gregory ! Where be that dunderheaded lump of aggravation ? Gregory, Grizzle, Dobbin !

(Enter DOBBIN, GRIZZLE, and GREGORY R. GRIZZLE brings on small earthenware jug, about one pint.)

DOBBIN. (C.) Here be Dobbin, Squire.

GRIZZLE. (R.C.) And Grizzle, Squire.

GREGORY (L.C.) Be you calling of I, Squire ?

WESTERN. (L.) Call 'ee ? I be hoarse all year round calling of 'ee. Where be Tom Jones ? Just as I be rising to propose his toast, I find I can't find 'un.

GREGORY. I see him steal away a while since, when you was telling your story of the Maid and the Cuckoo. Ho, ho ho !

(WESTERN, GREGORY, GRIZZLE, and DOBBIN chuckle.)

WESTERN. Ha, ha, ha ! It be a funny story, eh, Gregory ? (Crosses R.) Shall I tell 'ee again ?

DOBBIN. Aye, aye ! It be a full week since I heard it !

PIMLOTT. (R.) Nay nay ! We all know it !

WESTERN. (*Pushes PIMLOTT aside up stage.*) But the ladies have not heard it. (*Sits on seat R.*) Odds drabbit it, I be going to tell the ladies.

(Positions of Principals for WESTERN'S SONG.)

Seat

R.	WESTERN.	GRIZZLE	DOBBIN	GREGORY	L.
	GIRL	O	O	O	

NO. 1. SONG.—WESTERN AND CHORUS.

“ On a Januairy Morning.”

1.

On a Januairy morning in Zummersetsheer,
Two pretty maidens were walking along ;
When suddenly there came, from a coppice so clear,
The call of a cuckoo in song.
It astonished those pretty maids the cu  koo for to hear
On a Januairy morning in Zummersetsheer.

2.

Said one to her compan-i-on : “ I'm bound for to see
Yon sweet warbler what sings in the wood.”
The other maid said : “ Ph  be, you stay where you be :
That cuckoo bain't up to no good.”
'Tis for pretty maids to run away when cuckoo sings so clear
On a Januairy morning in Zummersetsheer.

Rise and come R.C. for third verse.

3.

But that pretty maid went seeking the coppice alone,
As her folly led her so for to do :
And now she goes lamenting and making a moan
That cuckoos in winter bain't true.
'Tis a sorry month for silly maids when cuckoo sings so clear
On a Januairy morning in Zummersetsheer.

(GRIZZLE *hands jug to* WESTERN. *Exeunt* GRIZZLE and DOBBIN R.)

WESTERN. Now for the toast. (*To* GREGORY, *who is chuckling at song.*) Why don't 'ee go seek Tom Jones instead of gasping and choking there like a sheep full of new clover? (*Gives jug to* GREGORY, *who crosses R. and exits.*)

ROSIE. (L.C.) Oh, he won't find him. I think he slipped away with a lady, and I think I know where.

WESTERN. Eh? What? Ho, ho, ho! Run, then! Tally ho! Hunt him down! (*Exeunt Ladies, laughing L.*) Dang the rogue! I do believe all the men for twenty miles round would run through fire and water for 'un and all their sisters and daughters would go to—fire without water for 'un. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter MISS WESTERN R.

MISS W. (R.C.) Brother!

WESTERN. Hello, Tabitha!

MISS W. Here be Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Blifil.

(*Goes up R. to steps C. Then crosses R. on balcony and exits.*)

Enter ALLWORTHY and BLIFIL R.

WESTERN. (C) Welcome, Neighbour Allworthy. (*Shakes hands.*)

ALLWORTHY. (R.C.) Dear Squire Western! (*Crosses L.*)

WESTERN. Ah, Blifil! (*Shakes hands with* BLIFIL, *leaving* BLIFIL R.C.) (*To* ALLWORTHY): Neighbour, the lawyer's papers be all ready to sign.

ALLWORTHY. (L.C.) Yes, yes; but meantime, where is the hero of your feast, my poor adopted boy?

WESTERN. Tom Jones? Ho, ho, ho! The young rascal! No sooner is he recovered from his broken arm than he has started running after the girls again. Ho, ho, ho!

MISS W. Brother!

WESTERN. Odds drabbit it! Can't I speak without—Here, Tabitha, where be Sophia?

TONY. (*Simperingly*) I heard she was stole away with Master Jones. He! he! As you say, Squire, all the girls do run after him!

SQUIRE. What? My daughter? Zooks, Tony, you're a fool. Don't 'ee know the difference between my daughter and other people's? Now, Tabitha, go 'ee look for Sophia. (*Miss W. going.*) And when you have looked everywhere, hark'ee, sister, take another look, and look everywhere else. (*Laugh.*)

MISS W. Oh, these bumpkin manners! (*Exit.*)

WESTERN. Ecod! with these women you can't talk properly about anything. Now I'll tell 'ee.

BLIFIL. (*Embarrassed.*) Nay, nay, Squire. Where is the hero of the feast?

WESTERN. The girls be gone to find him. There's just time to tell—

ALLWORTHY. Nay, 'tis ever and everywhere the same tale. Blifil has even now been distressing me with a painful story of the boy's depravity.

WESTERN. What? Telling tales out of school, Blifil? Shame on 'ee, shame!

BLIFIL. Nay, nay ! I protest I would rather throw the cloak of charity over poor Tom's infirmities than seek a malicious revenge in tearing down the veil of dissimulation that hides his shame.

(Noise off stage L. GIRLS laughing and talking.)

WESTERN. Here comes Tom to speak for himself, Hello, Tom ! High over ! Now press him, press him. Follow him. Run in—that's it, honeys !

(Enter TOM R. dragged on by Ladies, laughing and chattering, " You'll have to make a speech," etc., etc. BLIFIL crosses extreme R., ALL-WORTHY crosses extreme L. Enter GRIZZLE R. with glasses on tray and hands them round. DOBBIN enters R. with five glasses of wine on tray, goes down R. to top of seat. GREGORY brings a small table and bowl on to rostrum R.)

TOM. (L.C.) Oh, let me go !

WESTERN. Dead, dead ! Come, lad, you're fairly run to earth.

OMNES. Speech ! Speech !

TOM. Nay, but I tell you I can't make a speech.

WESTERN. Aye, aye, but thou shalt. Where did the rascal break cover ?

LETTIE. (L.C.) We found him by Cherry Coppice.

BETTIE. (L.) Aye, and we thought we heard the rustling of a lady's skirt.

ROSIE. (R.C.) (With jealousy.) And I thought I heard something very like the sound of kissing.

(OMNES laugh. TOM kisses her.)

WESTERN. What ? Been after the girls again, you dog ? But come, the toast ! the toast ! (Gets on seat R.)

OMNES. The toast ! the toast !

WESTERN. Fill up, everybody, ladies and all ! Now then, are you all charged ?

OMNES. Yes !

WESTERN. Then one, two, three, take it from me—here's to Tom Jones !

OMNES. Tom Jones !

WESTERN. Who's the best rider to hounds in Somersetshire ? Why, Tom Jones !

OMNES. Tom Jones !

WESTERN. When my daughter's sorrel mare ran away with her, who alone managed to keep up with her ?

OMNES. Tom Jones !

WESTERN. Aye, Tom Jones ! And though his broken arm has scarce had time to set, who was foremost in the hunt to-day ?

OMNES. Tom Jones !

WESTERN. Aye, Tom Jones ! Stone walls, hedges, ditches, be all as one to him. He saved my little girl's life, and, dang me ! there's nothing I wouldn't give 'un or do for 'un. Here's the health of Tom Jones ! Good luck to 'un in love and sport, and long life to 'un !

OMNES. (Drink). Speech ! Speech !

(GRIZZLE collects glasses and takes them off R., GREGORY takes table and bowl off R. Both return and listen R. on rostrum.)

TOM. I tell you I can't make a speech. I don't know what to say except that I am most grateful for your kindness. And if it comes to telling of what people have done, who has nursed and pampered me here a month as if I had been his own son? Why, Squire Western!

(WESTERN takes glass of wine from DOBBIN and drinks; he gets more boisterous during following scene.)

OMNES. Squire Western!

TOM. And gave me good ale to drink instead of the doctor's stuff, because he said it was better for me?

OMNES. Squire Western!

(WESTERN takes glass of wine.)

TOM. Aye, Squire Western! If any thanks be due, or toasts to be proposed, or speech to be made, they should be tendered in the name of Squire Western!

(WESTERN takes two glasses of wine, drinks one, pauses with the other full glass in his hand.)

OMNES. Squire Western!

TOM. I can't say any more.

OMNES. Go on: speech!

WESTERN. Go on, lad; say some more. I do like to hear 'ee talk about me.

(Exeunt GREGORY, GRIZZLE, and DOBBIN R.)

TOM. I don't know what else to say. (Laugh.)

WESTERN. Go on, Tommy; just enough for this. (Points to glass of wine.) Well, if 'ee has no more to say, sing us a song.

OMNES. Hooray! Song! Song!

(Exit ALLWORTHY L.I.E. BLIFIL reads book R. During first verse of TOM's song, WESTERN, who is sitting on back of seat, does business as if riding.)

No. 3. SONG—TOM AND CHORUS.

“ West Country Lad.”

1.

West Country lad, what is't ye lack?

A horse to ride.

I have no steed, nor sturdy hack,

To sit astride.

I hear the music—hark! the pack—

Down country-side,

And fain would hunting go, alack!

I have no steed, or gréy, or black,

Or sorrel, or brown, or pied!

O give him a horse, or grey, or black,

Or sorrel, or brown, or pied!

For shall it be said a Somerset lad

Has no horse to ride?

2.

(WESTERN *laughs and pretends to be shooting, imitating business with a hunting crop, which he has taken from a Squire near him at back of seat during this verse.*)

West Country lad, why sigh ye thus ?
 What lack ye still ?
 I have not e'er a blunderbuss,
 Nor gun, to kill.
 The pheasant crows, and runneth Puss,
 O' yonder hill,
 I fain would shooting go, and thus
 I sigh for burly blunderbuss,
 Or gun of my own, to kill.
 O give him a gun, or blunderbuss,
 And set him upon the hill !
 For shall it be said a Somerset lad
 Has no gun to kill ?

3.

(WESTERN *still laughing ; when he sees two Girls go to TOM he catches hold of one round the neck during this verse.*)

West Country lad, what lack ye yet ?
 A maid to kiss.
 No maid to love me have I met,
 And all's amiss.
 I look aside at Sue and Bet,
 And Kate and Siss ;
 And fain would courting go, and yet
 I have no maid with eyes of jet,
 Or hazel, or blue, I wis.
 O give him a maid with eyes of jet,
 Or hazel, or blue, I wjs !
 For shall it be said a Somerset lad
 Has no maid to kiss ?

(TOM *goes up L. After song, re-enter MISS WESTERN R., ALLWORTHY L.I.E. ; MISS WESTERN crosses L.C., ALLWORTHY crosses up R.C.*)

OMNES. Bravo ! Good song ! Well sung, Tom !

WESTERN. (*Rising and going c.*) Aye, the song is well enough ; but come, who's for the next bottle.

TONY. (*Supporting WESTERN*) You've had quite enough.

(*Exeunt CHORUS R. and L.*)

MISS W. I think this guzzling's disgusting !

WESTERN. Nobody asked thy opinion, Tabitha.

MISS W. Shall we go in, ladies, to the drawing-room ? I'll follow presently.

LETTIE. (*R. by steps*) Yes, it grows chill.

ROSIE. (*R.C. near steps, gloomily*) And we *must* hear dear Miss Western sing.

(ROSIE and LETTIE go up steps. Exit LETTIE R. ROSIE comes down R. MISS W. crosses R. and speaks to ROSIE.)

TOM. (*Crosses L., aside*) I wonder where Sophia can be ! (*Walks away.*)

ALLWORTHY. Come, Squire, shall we go in ? (*Goes up steps R. and exits.*)

WESTERN. (*Going up steps*) Aye, come ; physic and business are best swallowed quick. (*On top of steps R.*) Tommy, do 'ee get back to table. (*Laughs and exit R.*)

(Exit ROSIE R. MISS W. goes up R.)

BLIFIL. (*Crossing down L.*) What is he waiting for ? Sophia ? Ah ! Cherry Coppice !

MISS W. (*Sees TOM JONES standing at back looking off stage L.*) Ahem—ahem. (*Crosses L.*) Mr. Jones ! Mr. Jones ! Your company will miss you. (*Points to house R.*)

TOM. (*Crossing R.*) Ah yes ; I must join them. (*Aside*) I wish she would go. (*Exit R.*)

MISS W. He was waiting for someone. (*Looks off L.U.E.*) Ah ! as I thought—Mistress Honour !

(Enter HONOUR L.U.E. running ; looks round and is evidently embarrassed to find MISS W.)

HONOUR. (L.C.) Oh ! Miss Western !

MISS W. (R.C.) Yes, hussy ; what are you doing here ?

HONOUR. Doing, ma'am ? Running about, ma'am.

MISS W. What are you running for ?

HONOUR. To get there sooner, ma'am.

MISS W. To get where ?

HONOUR. Where I am going, ma'am.

MISS W. Malapert ! I will go speak to your mistress about this. Where is she ?

HONOUR. My mistress ?

MISS W. Yes ; I have sought her everywhere.

HONOUR. Yes, ma'am ; she is not there.

MISS W. Stupidity or impudence ? (*Going up steps R.*) I'll go look in the garden. Should you see your mistress, let her know Mr. Blifil seeks her. (*Exit R.U.E.*)

HONOUR. Yes, ma'am. Don't hurry back on my account. (*Goes to steps U.C.*) Miss Sophia, Miss Sophia, you may come now.

Enter SOPHIA L.U.E.

SOPHIA. At last ! I heard my aunt's voice. Has she gone ? (*Comes down C.*)

HONOUR. Yes ; I am to tell you that Mr. Blifil asks for you.

SOPHIA. Nay, then, be quick to forget your message, for I hate the name of Mr. Blifil as I do anything that is base and treacherous. But tell me : have I been missed ? Did anyone see me in the Coppice ?

HONOUR. No.

SOPHIA. Oh, I've lost my muff !

HONOUR. Lost your muff ? (*Looking about.*) Where, miss ?

SOPHIA. Oh, never mind. Have you seen *him* ?

HONOUR. (R. *Teasing*) Whom ? Your father ? (*Laughs.*)

SOPHIA. (L.) No, I mean—what are you laughing for ?

HONOUR. Laughing to think you could not remember his name, miss.

SOPHIA. (*Crosses R.*) Of course I remember his name ! How absurd !
(*Sits on seat R.C.*)

HONOUR. The Jones are a large and distinguished family. Yet Mistress Jones is not a name to change Miss Western for.

SOPHIA. (R.) Of course not ! You speak as if I were in—

HONOUR. (R.C.) In what, ma'am ?

SOPHIA. Love, indeed ! Prodigious nonsense !

HONOUR. (*By seat R.C.*) La ! what an idea ! (*Mimicking her*) “ Love, indeed ! ” Cannot a young lady steal away into the woods with a young man for a quiet talk about—the crops or what not—without people talking of love ?

SOPHIA. (*Rises and crosses L.*) Nay, your malice turns all I have to say against me. Do you think Mr. Jones would come out a moment ?

HONOUR. Oh, yes ! (*Going R.*) He might spare the time if it be *only* for a moment. I'll go and ask him.

(*Exit HONOUR R. SOPHIA crosses R. to steps.*)

SOPHIA. I wonder why he looks so much more handsome and brave than the others ! I wonder what he was going to say when we were interrupted ! (*Coming down c.*) I wonder—Oh, what is the use of wondering ? (*Crosses R. and sits on seat.*)

No. 4. SONG—SOPHIA.

“ To-day my Spinet.”

I.

To-day my spinet, closed and idly still,
Sighed ; when one note I sang its spirit stirred ;
So, when he speaks to me my senses thrill,
Responsive unto every tender loving word.
Thus heart to heart across the silence calls,
The voice of mine so timorous in tone ;
I wonder if upon his ear it falls
But as a seeming echo of his own.

He loves me so,
I know, I know !
But when we are asunder,
Does he forget ?
I trow not, yet
I wonder !

(*Rises.*)

2.

I tremble at his look ; my burning eyes
Fain would I droop to hide the sudden flame.
He scans my cheek, and turns away and sighs,
And takes the blush of love for naught but maiden shame.

I wonder if 'twere wise to let him see
 That every moment by his side is bliss.
 I wonder if 'twere maidenly
 To give, an he should ask for it, a kiss ?
 He loves me so, etc.

Enter HONOUR R.

No. 4A. INTERLUDE.

HONOUR. I gave your message, Miss.

SOPHIA. And comes he not ? O say !

(*Enter* TOM, R., *goes* C. *HONOUR goes up* C. *to back.*)

TOM. You sent for me ?

SOPHIA. Ah, yes ! Have I disturbed you, pray ?
 Forgive me !

TOM. Ah, dear ! such disturbance,
 Sweet beyond compare
 With any peace I know, absorbs we wholly.
 Speak ! Speak ! all my time, my life is yours !

SOPHIA. Take care ! We must make haste !

TOM. Then let us make haste—

SOPHIA. (*Spoken*) How ?

TOM. Slowly !

No. 5. TRIO—SOPHIA, HONOUR and TOM.

“ *Festina Lente.* ”

I.

Wisdom says, *Festina lente*,
 But the moments how they pass,
 When a man and maid at twenty
 Conjugate *Amo—Amas !*
Tempus fugit, is the answer
 (We are versed in Latin lore).
 Time is not a necromancer ;
 Time's a cheat, and nothing more.
 Foolish proverb—*Time works wonders ;*
 Ere 'tis run he turns the glass,
 Speeding thus the hour that sunders
 Happy lover, loving lass.

2.

Cruel words, *Festina lente*,
 To a lover and his lass !
 Hearts impatient grow at twenty,
 When old *Tempus* tilts the glass.
 Sands run slowly to their sorrow ;
 Drag the hours that keep them twain ;
 Seems a week till happy morrow
 Brings them to the tryst again.
Tempus fugit ? Nay, he creepeth,
 When he should get on apace.
 Time is getting old ;
 Time's a cheat, in any case.

HONOUR. (R.) I pray you, madam, remember that the dragon still hovers about us. (*Goes up steps C. to top.*)

TOM. The dragon ?

HONOUR. (*Up C.*) Miss Western, sir. But I'll look out for her. I think your ladyship will not be wanting me ?

SOPHIA. Oh, yes, I think——

HONOUR. If you will let me say what I think, I think "Two be company and three be one too many." (*Exit L.U.E.*)

SOPHIA. I must go in for my shawl. It grows chill.

TOM. (R.) Stay a moment. I have something to say.

SOPHIA. (L.) But my father asks for me. My aunt seeks me. Some other time.

TOM. All through my happy month I have spent here I have been waiting for "some other time."

SOPHIA. Happy month ? With a broken arm ?

TOM. The happiest I have known, though it was not my arm that hurt most.

SOPHIA. (*Eagerly*) Why, what other hurt ? (*SOPHIA touches his arm as she speaks. TOM catches her eye ; she is confused.*) I think I hear my father's voice. (*Going R.*)

TOM. (*Stopping her.*) Nay, nay ! Don't go ; I must speak to you.

SOPHIA. What can you have to say ?

TOM. Nothing, I fear, that I can say without presumption.

SOPHIA. (*Crossing R.*) No, no ; not now.

(*TOM catches her wrist and crosses to L. of SOPHIA, leaving her R.*)

TOM. No, no ; I can't let you go ! My happy month is at an end, and to-night I return to Mr. Allworthy's. Is nothing to remain of the enchantment I have known ? For a month I have lived in sunshine and bliss. For a month flowers have blossomed beneath my steps, and the glowing sun of noon has beamed all day in rosy skies above my head. For a month——

(*Enter HONOUR L.U.E., running.*)

HONOUR. Miss, the dragon !

TOM. The devil ! (*Crosses L.*)

SOPHIA. My aunt ! I must fly. (*Exit R.I.E.*)

HONOUR. (*Crosses down R.*) Run, miss, run !

(*TOM crosses R. to HONOUR and looks off after SOPHIA R.*)

Enter MISS W. L.U.E. ; sees TOM and HONOUR and steps up C.)

MISS W. (C.) As I thought ! (*TOM crosses to L., MISS W. comes down C. Cross.*) You are still here ? (*To HONOUR.*)

HONOUR. (R.) If you please, your ladyship——

MISS W. Hussy ! (*C. to TOM*) Mr. Jones, your servant. My brother shall hear of this discovery. So ! I knew well enough what wench it was seen with you in Cherry Coppice. (*Crosses L., TOM crosses C.*)

TOM. (C.) Nay, madam, I protest !

(*Enter GREGORY, DOBBIN, and GRIZZLE R., looking for whips. GRIZZLE comes round back to steps C., then down to sundial L.C. and picks up whip. DOBBIN comes down to C., GREGORY comes on to steps R. They stand and listen, laughing silently.*)

HONOUR. (*Aside to TOM*) Let be. 'Tis easier to profit by the blunders of fools than to mend them.

MISS W. Whispering before my very face? Get ye to your work, slut! I vow and protest that till you be dismissed I will never speak to my brother again.

HONOUR. (C.) Sure if you do tell the Squire that, he will double my wages for life.

(*Laughs and smacks DOBBIN's face, and exits R.U.E.* GREGORY and GRIZZLE laugh loudly. GRIZZLE takes whip R. and puts it on top of steps, then comes L. of DOBBIN. GREGORY gets R. of DOBBIN. They listen to following scene and laugh.)

MISS W. (L.) La! I cannot tell what servants are coming to! (*At TOM*) Nor gentlemen, neither—when they stoop like goats and vandals to make love to chambermaids!

TOM. (*Crossing L.*) I assure you, you mistake madam. You make mountains out of molehills.

MISS W. I make no mountains out of moleskins, I warrant you—(*Servants shake with silent laughter*)—Kissing my brother's servants before me!

TOM. Nay, if you will, it shall be *after* you, madam, for I've kissed none yet. (GREGORY down R.)

MISS W. (R.) What? Would you extend your profligacy to me? How dare you, sir? I should like to see any young man kiss me!

(DOBBIN, GREGORY, and GRIZZLE lean on seat and laugh.)

TOM. (*Crossing R. of MISS W.*) It isn't *any* young man who would. But I observe, we are observed. Kissing *you* before servants would be as bad as kissing *them* before *you*. (*Laughs and runs R. to steps.*) Madam, I am your ladyship's most humble and obedient servant. (*Exit laughing R.U.E.*)

(DOBBIN, GRIZZLE, and GREGORY R. laughing. GRIZZLE R.C., DOBBIN R., GREGORY extreme R.)

MISS W. Gregory! Dobbin! Grizzle! (*Hits GRIZZLE on head with fan; he crosses L.*) Here is nothing to laugh at. (*Goes up C.* GREGORY comes up R.C. laughing.)

GREGORY. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

MISS W. (C.) Fool! If you can squeeze your bumpkin grin through that door, go fetch Squire Western out at once.

GREGORY. (R.C.) Fetch 'un? Why, it bean't time yet to carry Squire to bed.

MISS W. (C.) I tell you to bring him away at once!

GREGORY. (R.C.) 'Tis more than I durst venture, ma'am. Squire vowed I carried 'un off from the last hunt dinner before he was drunk, and next morning, when he found what a awful blunder I'd made, he swore—Lor!—I never heard Squire swear so beautiful. "Blood," says he, saving your ladyship's presence, ma'am, "if I'd been sober," he says, "no man should have carried me to bed before I was drunk," he says; but as I says to him, ma'am, "if you had been—(*Taps MISS W. on the shoulder*)—sober, ma'am, you'd have know you was—(*Taps her again; she draws herself up indignantly and crosses L.* GRIZZLE goes up to L.C.)—

drunk, ma'am"—I mean if *he'd* not been drunk he'd 'a' known that he—dang me! if I bea'n't getting muddled myself! (*Laugh, crosses L.C. to GRIZZLE, who drops down L.*)

MISS W. Dolt! These chawbacons think there is nothing to be done between dinner and bed but drinking wine.

GREGORY. That was what caused the mistake, ma'am. "I grant you I may have been full," he says, "for when I do drink wine all the while," he says "I be full before I be drunk; but if I drink punch all the while, I be drunk before I be full," he says, "so give it me mixed, Gregory," says he; and to-day I be mixing him fine. (*Laugh.*)

MISS W. What society for a woman of figure and quality who has mixed with the beaux esprits of the Metropolis! (*Crossing to R.C.*) I will go find the Squire myself.—(*Stops to speak to GREGORY*)—And bid him dismiss you as well as Mistress Honour.

GREGORY. (L.C.) Mistress Honour? Why, she be my sweetheart! What has she done, ma'am?

MISS W. Your sweetheart, is she? A nice couple, truly! 'Twas she stole off to the Coppice with your funny Master Tom this afternoon—(*DOBBIN and GRIZZLE laugh*)—and I found them kissing here again just now. But I'll have the baggage sent about her business. Mistress Honour, forsooth! (*Exit R. up steps. GRIZZLE and DOBBIN laugh loudly, GREGORY looks amazed.*)

GREGORY. My Honour with Master Tom——

GRIZZLE. (L.) He be a fine funny man, Master Tom! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

DOBBIN. Will 'ee say anything to her, Gregory?

(*Enter HONOUR R.U.E.; goes to back and listens, unperceived by GREGORY.*)

GREGORY. (C.) Will I say anything to her? Wait till I set eyes on her. I'll give her a bit o' my mind and my big stick, too! I'll rend her limb from limb. I'll take her across my knee and I'll—I'll—I'll——

HONOUR. (*Coming down to R. of GREGORY, appearing before him.*) What will you do? You'll do, and you'll do, and you'll do. Now let's see what you *will* do!

(*DOBBIN and GRIZZLE laugh.*)

GREGORY. (L.C.) I'll—I'll—I'll——

HONOUR. (R.C.) Well, what?

GRIZZLE. (L.) Aye, go on, Gregory. You said you'd take her across your knee——

DOBBIN. (R.) And rend her limb from limb.

GREGORY. 'Tis no use, Honour. I can't marry 'ee now.

(*Enter BETTIE and PEGGY R.U.E., come down R.C.*)

HONOUR. What? You can't marry me now—eh? You'll give me a bit of your mind and a bit of your stick—you'll take me over your knees, will you? Why, you big—(*Striking him*)—over-bearing—(*Striking*)—cruel—(*Striking*)—bully. You'd strike a poor—(*Striking*)—weak—(*Striking*)—defenceless—(*Striking*)—woman, would you? (*Striking him and pushes him L., he falls, GRIZZLE catches him.*)

BETTY. (R.C.) What be the matter?

PEGGY. (R.C.) What have poor Gregory been doing again?

HONOUR. Browbeating—that's what he have been doing. But I'll show him—(*Comes L. after GREGORY, he dodges behind sundial.*)

GRIZZLE. (L.) Now, Gregory, be brave.

DOBBIN. (*Crosses L.C. to R. of HONOUR.*) Show 'em what you're made of, Gregory!

HONOUR. (*Turning to DOBBIN.*) You leave him alone, can't you?

(GREGORY, BETTY, and PEGGY cross R. to seat, GREGORY stands on seat, PEGGY down R., behind seat, BETTY down R. sitting on seat.)

GRIZZLE. (L. to HONOUR) I say Gregory ought—

HONOUR. (*To GRIZZLE*) And you, too. Don't 'ee try to bully my poor, harmless Gregory. I can do all the bullying that will be wanted in this family when we be married—(*Crossing R. and getting on seat.*)—can't I, Gregory? (*Embracing him.*)

GREGORY. Aye, and when we get married, we'll keep a little roadside inn, and 'ee shall bully the customers to pay for ale while I do sit and drink it under the green bough!

(HONOUR and GREGORY sit on back of seat, DOBBIN sits on seat up stage, DOBBIN sits GRIZZLE on his knees.)

No. 6. ENSEMBLE.

HONOUR and GREGORY with GRIZZLE, DOBBIN, BETTY, and PEGGY.
"The Barley Mow."

1.

(*At end of verse GRIZZLE kicks his legs up and falls off : he then sits between DOBBIN's legs on the stage.*)

A little roadside inn fur we,
Under a green bough,
Wi' swinging zign zo all may zee,
Under a green bough.
A roadside inn
Zo znugeth within
Fur lads that vollow the plough.
We'll drink to the Barley Mow
In a quaaart pot, a pint pot,
A nipperkin, a pipperkin,
Under a green bough.
We'll drink to the Barley Mow.
Hey! and ho! and all be merry!
We'll drink to the Barley Mow,
With a hey! ho! and dumble down derry.

2.

(*During first four lines of second verse GREGORY smacks DOBBIN on the back. At cue "Lads that follow the plough" DOBBIN rises, walks over GRIZZLE, and goes three or four paces towards C. At end of second verse, GRIZZLE up against DOBBIN.*)

October ale zo brown we'll brew,
Under a green bough.

Fur varmer's man and traveller, too,
 Under a green bough.
 October brew
 And plenty, too,
 Fur lads that vollow the plough.
 We'll drink to the Barley Mow
 In a 'ogs'ead, a gallon jar,
 A quaaart pot, a pint pot,
 A nipperkin, a pipperkin,
 Under a green bough.
 We'll drink to the Barley Mow. &c.

3.

(*At cue when DOBBIN sings "A 'ogs'ead" he pushes GRIZZLE off.*)

Come Parson, Packman, Herd, or Hind,
 Under a green bough ;
 An equal welcome all shall vind,
 Under a green bough.
 Come, Parson, Hind,
 Or gentle kind,
 Or lads that vollow the plough.
 We'll drink to the Barley Mow,
 In a ocean, a river,
 A 'ogs'ead, a gallon jar
 A quaaart pot, a pint pot,
 A nipperkin, a pipperkin,
 Under a green bough.
 We'll drink to the Barley Mow. &c.

(*At end of number dance off R.I.E.*)

Positions before dance and for encore.

O O O O O O

L. GREGORY HONOUR DOBBIN BETTY GRIZZLE PEGGY

Exeunt after encore L.I.E.

Enter SQUIRE WESTERN and ALLWORTHY R.U.E.

WESTERN. (C.) So that be all settled. Have 'ee sent for my daughter, Tabitha ? I vow I was never more rejoiced in my life. We'll have the wedding next week and the christening—(*Enter SOPHIA R.U.E., comes down R.C.*)—Ah ! Sophia, I be going to make 'ee happy.—(*Enter TOM R.U.E., comes down L.*)—She be blushing already. I used to blush myself afore I was married.

ALLWORTHY. (L.C.) Nay, now you embarrass her. Our only aim must be to make sure of her affections and—

WESTERN. Affections ? Stuff and nonsense ! Why, if I had waited for my wife to have affections, as you call 'em, I'd have been a bachelor to this day. But where is Blifil ?

TOM. Blifil ? Why, what—

SOPHIA. (R.) Mr. Blifil !

(Enter BLIFIL L.U.E., comes down R.C., and MISS W. R. comes down extreme R.)

WESTERN. Aye, here he comes. We be waiting for 'ee. Where have ee been ?

BLIFIL. (*Looking significantly at SOPHIA R.*) I've been meditating in the lover's nook in Cherry Coppice.

SOPHIA. Cherry Coppice !

Enter HONOUR L.U.E., comes R. up stage.

TOM. What villainy is he hatching now ?

WESTERN. Aye, Tom was aforehand with you there. Ha ! ha ! ha ! What be this tale I hear about 'ee, Tom ?

ALLWORTHY. Aye, Tom, I am distressed to hear of this fresh misconduct.

TOM (L.) Misconduct, sir ? Why, what fresh offence——

WESTERN. No fresh offence. Only the old Adam running after a new Eve. Ha ! ha ! ha ! In my own garden of Eden, too—dang 'ee !

BLIFIL. Yes, by the way, I found something at the lover's seat. (*Holds out muff to SOPHIA.*)

TOM. (*Aside*) Her muff.

ALLWORTHY. Whose muff is this ?

MISS W. I tell you I saw——

SOPHIA. Nay, then, let me speak——

HONOUR. (*Coming down R., taking muff from BLIFIL.*) The muff is mine, sir, thank you, sir. My mistress gave it to me only this morning.

ALLWORTHY. Then you have dared to make love to Miss Sophia's own maid——

TOM. I ? No, sir——

MISS W. Will you deny, sir, that I found you kissing Honour here in the gardens ? (*Goes up to R.C.*)

WESTERN. Let be, Allworthy. Ha ! ha ! Boys will be boys, and waiting maids all the world over were made to be kissed.

ALLWORTHY. Well, on this happy day I am willing to overlook even this offence. But I warn you to strain my indulgence no further. Eh, Blifil ? (*Crosses to BLIFIL L.C.*)

BLIFIL. I always try to hope for the best, sir.

(ALLWORTHY and BLIFIL, go up to Miss W.)

WESTERN. (*Going up*) Aye, let it be, Allworthy. Sly dog, though. Steal a kiss and never tell, eh, Tom ? Here's honour among thieves with a vengeance. Ha ! ha ! ha !

(*Business of bumping TOM and staggering. Exeunt WESTERN, MISS W., and BLIFIL R.U.E.*)

TOM. (*Crosses L.C. Aside*) What a relief !

SOPHIA. (*Crosses R.C.*) What can my father have meant ?

TOM. Nay, I only know that love is blind and I am in no haste to find the light.

(ALLWORTHY comes down R., HONOUR R.C., SOPHIA L.C., TOM L.)

NO. 7. MADRIGAL—SOPHIA, HONOUR, TOM *and* ALLWORTHY.

Here's a paradox for lovers—

“ Love is weakest when he's strong : ”

When he thinks he most discovers

Blindest all the gods among.

With a fa la la la !

Holding, lead him in kind fashion,

Shield him in such gentle wise,

That no sudden gust of passion

Tear the bandage from his eyes.

Once destroyed Love's illusion

(Sad for ye an' it befall),

He will fly off in confusion,

And escape for good and all.

But at lovers' separation

Pity in his bosom starts ;

Learn ye, then, for consolation,

Love loves mending broken hearts.

Done my ditty—here is yet a

Paradox to fit the end :

“ Love must e'en break hearts to get a

Store of broken hearts to mend.”

Exit HONOUR R.I.E.

Enter WESTERN, BLIFIL, *and* MISS W., R.U.E.

WESTERN. Now, Blifil, I leave you with my daughter.

ALLWORTHY. And you, Tom, come help me to look to the horses.

Exit L.I.E.

TOM. (*Aside*) Blifil—and business with Sophia ? (*Aloud*) Aye, sir ; I attend you.

Exit L.I.E.

WESTERN. Come, Tabitha, you and I bain't wanted here. (*To* BLIFIL *and* SOPHIA) Eh, honeys ?

(WESTERN *and* MISS W. *go up* C. *and* *exeunt* L.U.E.)

BLIFIL. (L.) Your father leaves me with you. I trust my company and conversation are not unwelcome ?

SOPHIA. (R.) My father's desires, however they surprise me, are ever my commands.

BLIFIL. (L.) I rejoice to find you so complying. Then without further preliminaries, by your father's and my uncle's desire, I take leave to proffer myself as a suitor to your hand in marriage.

SOPHIA. (R.) As a suitor to my hand in marriage ? You ! What outrage is this ?

BLIFIL. (*Flaring up*) No outrage, I hope. (*Takes her by wrist*) I may surely offer you my love, even though I be no foundling, nor dependent on my uncle's charity !

SOPHIA. Sir, you insult me ! Let me go, sir !

BLIFIL. You shall first hear what I have to say. I thought you had regard to your father's desires and commands.

Re-enter WESTERN *and* MISS W. L.U.E.

SOPHIA. In all else, sir, but this. I will never marry you.

BLIFIL. What !

SOPHIA. I detest you—let me go ! Break my hands if you will ; I'd leave them to get away from you ! (*Crosses L.*)

WESTERN. (C.) What be this—what be this ? Be this your love-making ? Ecod, it reminds me of your mother !

(*MISS W. comes a little down to L.C.*)

SOPHIA. (L.) This *gentleman* has insulted me !

WESTERN. (L.C.) Ecod, lass ! if a man may not insult his own affianced wife whom in the Devil's name should a man insult ?

SOPHIA. His wife, sir, I can never be. Indeed, this is the only instance in which I *must* disobey you.

(*MISS W. crosses R. up steps.*)

WESTERN. (*Choking with rage*) You—you—(*Crosses to BLIFIL*)—get you in. What ? I'll talk to her. Get you within, Blifil, and you, sister. I'll talk to her.

BLIFIL. (R.) I pray you, sir, be gentle.

WESTERN. Gentle ! I'll warrant—dang 'un !—I'll break her in.

MISS W. Brother !

WESTERN. Get in. (*Exeunt BLIFIL and MISS W. R.U.E.*) (*Crosses L.C. to SOPHIA.*) Now girl, what is the meaning of these tantrums ? You're to be made happy, I tell 'ee, so let's hear no more about it.

SOPHIA. (L.) But, father, your poor Sophy's happiness, her very life, her being, depends upon your breaking this marriage. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage would be killing me !

WESTERN. (R.C.) Pooh ! Pooh ! All stuff and nonsense !

SOPHIA. (L.) Oh, sir, such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent to me—I hate and detest him.

WESTERN. If you *hate* and *detest* 'un *ever so much*, you *shall* have 'un. I am resolved upon this match, and so I leave you to consider it—(*Crosses R. to steps*)—and see that you give the young man a civil and proper answer when I send him out to you. D'ye hear ? (*Exit R.U.E.*)

SOPHIA. Father ! Father ! He's gone ! And all my hopes dashed to the ground. A little while ago I was more happy than I had ever been in my life, and now I am more wretched than I thought it possible to be. But if I cannot marry where I love, I can at least refuse to marry where I hate. (*Sits R. on seat.*)

Enter TOM L.I.E. Crosses R.C. sees SOPHIA.

TOM. Sophia—in tears ! What has happened ?

SOPHIA. (R.) Mr. Jones ! For heaven's sake leave me, I beseech you.

TOM. (R.C.) Miss Western—Sophia ! What is the cause of this distress ?

SOPHIA. Oh, you don't know what has happened this cruel day ! (*Rises, crosses L.C.*) My father orders me to marry Blifil.

TOM. Marry Blifil ?

SOPHIA. It is all arranged.

TOM. (R.) Nay, my kind protector, Mr. Allworthy, will never consent—

SOPHIA. He has consented. We must part. Go—go—before Blifil returns. (*Sits on sundial L.C.*)

TOM. (*Crossing to L. to SOPHIA*) No, I cannot go. Sophia, it must not, cannot be! (*TOM takes her hand.*) I must speak. Sure no one ever loved like me. Sophia—can you—can—you—(*Kneels beside SOPHIA on dais.*)

SOPHIA. Why, what would you have me say?

TOM. Only three little words. Can you say them?—"I love you."

SOPHIA. (*Softly*) I love you!

No. 8. FINALE.

TOM.

For aye, my love!
Abidingly,
Those little words shall live in my heart,
And all life long,
Like a glad sweet song,
Bring happiness when we're apart.
(*Sophia rises.*)

O say, my love;
—Confidingly,
Ah! whisper them once again
And deep in my breast,
O sweetest and best,
They a secret shall e'er remain.

SOPHIA.

I'll say, my love,
Confidingly,
My heart shall e'er be true;
I love you so,
And only know
I live alone for you.

(*BLIFIL entering.*)

BLIFIL. Release that lady's hand!

TOM. (L.) A cavalier request, Sir—pray explain!

BLIFIL. (R.) 'Tis no request I proffer—I command!
Withdraw you, Madam!

SOPHIA. (C.) So? Then I remain!

BLIFIL. Since you're so lost to sense of shame
That all the law of modesty you flout
To listen to this dog, whose very name
Was thrown him like a bone—then hear me out!

(*Chorus enter R. and L. gradually.*)

If't be your fancy to affect
The ways of shameless dames of fashion,
It behoves me to protect
You from this base-born scoundrel's passion.

TOM. You call me scoundrel?

BLIFIL. Aye, scoundrel!

TOM. (*spoken*) Brute ! (*Knocks him down.*)

SOPHIA. Ah ! (*Screams.*)

(Chorus Gentlemen *hold TOM back ; he struggles to get at BLIFIL.*
 ALLWORTHY *enters R.U.E., comes down between TOM and BLIFIL, and*
restrains BLIFIL from rushing at TOM, who crosses L. to SOPHIA.)

CHORUS. Here's a broil ! What a coil !
 Terrible ! Terrible ! Why this turmoil ?
 What a coil !
 What a shocking thing to quarrel
 And the neighbourhood embroil !
 Leaving out the question moral,
 Why this turmoil ?

(*Enter WESTERN, who separates TOM and SOPHIA. WESTERN crosses R.,*
ALLWORTHY goes to top of seat R.)

SOPHIA. (R.C.)
 He saved my life, dear father : more to him you owe
 Than gratitude in words alone for ever can bestow.
 At your feet behold me kneeling and appealing—
 Let us not be parted, for I love him so !

(Chorus *repeat.*)

(SOPHIA *pleads with WESTERN ; he repulses her ; she goes to TOM, then*
crosses L., leaving TOM C.)

WESTERN. She loves you ? She, my daughter !
 D'ye know, Sir, who and what you are ?

TOM. I make you no apologies ;
 Love laughs at Herald's colleges :
 Plain hearts suffice
 For his device,
 And wisely he acknowledges
 No Bar Sinister.

CHORUS. He asks but the vicinity
 Of hearts that seek affinity,
 And leaves the oath
 Of marriage troth
 For a Doctor of Divinity
 To administer.

TOM. And that is my position, Sir :
 Though lowly my condition, Sir,
 I love this maid,
 And her to wed
 Do crave your kind permission, Sir.

(SOPHIA *crosses to C. ; TOM crosses to L.*)

(Chorus *repeat.*)

TOM and SOPHIA.

I love { him }
her } so
And only know
I live for { him } alone.
her }

ALLWORTHY. (R. To TOM.)

Insolent !

This climax of iniquity all bonds doth sever :
I'll suffer you no longer—I cast you off for ever !

(TOM pleads with ALLWORTHY, who will not listen to him. TOM then comes down C. to catch SOPHIA, who has been pushed away by WESTERN.)

WESTERN. (To SOPHIA.)

Begone, ungrateful hussy ! Quit my sight !

(SOPHIA pleads with WESTERN again ; he repulses her ; she goes to C. to TOM.)

CHORUS. (To WESTERN.)

Shame upon you ! Shame upon you !

(During following BLIFIL crosses L., WESTERN crosses L., TOM goes R. to ALLWORTHY ; SOPHIA R. comes to TOM, who embraces her ; she goes down R. again ; WESTERN crosses R.C. between TOM and SOPHIA as she comes up to him, and at end of Finale he catches her by the wrists, throws her down R. ; she falls with her head on seat.)

ENSEMBLE. TOM and SOPHIA.

For aye, my love !
Abidingly,
And ever hope shall dwell in my heart,
And all life long,
Like a sad, sweet song.
Bring happiness when we're apart.
So say, my love,
That nothing shall break the tie
That has bound us so fast,
And shall hold to the last,
As you bid me good-bye !

CHORUS. (Ladies.)

For ever, love,
Abidingly,
Awakens hope in every heart,
And all life long,
Like a sad, sweet song,
Brings happiness to those apart.
The way of love,
Betidingly,

May seem to be all awry ;
 But, brave to the last,
 Be not sad and downcast,
 Though you say good-bye !

CHORUS. (Men.)

Discretion overrides romances,
 And in spite of sorrowing glances,
 With the present circumstances
 They must both comply.
 Painful 'tis young hearts to sever
 E'en may be for ever and ever ;
 See how bravely they endeavour
 To say good-bye !

CURTAIN.

Picture for Finale.

	ALLWORTHY	
WESTERN	O	
O		TOM
		O
		BLIFIL
		O

SOPHIA *lying on the stage*
with her head on the seat.

ACT II.

SCENE : Inn at Upton. Early October morning.

No. 9. OPENING CHORUS.

Hurry ! Bustle !
 Sarving men and wenches ;
 Clear away the pewter pots,
 Polish up the benches.
 House is full of gentlefolk,
 Stable full of coaches ;
 Hurry ! Bustle ! Hurry ! Bustle !
 Quality approaches.

(OFFICER *embraces* HOSTESS, *she struggles and throws him to L.C.*)

HOSTESS. (R.C. to OFFICER.)

Desist ! I am no foolish maid
 Who thinks that every idle varlet
 Is an Adonis, because he's paid
 To swagger in a coat of scarlet.

OFFICER. (L.C.)

Rank treason ! Come ! a rebel here we've found !
 She shall pay for her offence in flagons round,
 And in her own good wine the King's health drink !

CHORUS. (*Raising flagons.*) The King ! The King !OFFICER (*and* CHORUS).

We red-coat soldiers serve the King,
 To the tow row row
 Of noisy drum and fife !
 It sets the maids a-capering,
 So who shall blame us if we cling
 To the tow row row
 In love as well as strife ?
 No cooing ditties do we sing,
 Or sigh, or so demean us,
 Old Mars he made Olympus ring
 With a tow row row
 When he went a-courting Venus.

(OFFICER *puts his arm round* HOSTESS, *then dance down R.* OFFICER *passes* HOSTESS *across to L.*)

OFFICER. (C.)

Dan Cupid leads us to the fray
 To the tow row row
 Of noisy drum and fife,
 And scattering terror and dismay
 O'er rustic ranks in hodden grey,
 With a tow row row,
 We capture wench and wife !
 When wit and wine have won the day
 We leave them sad and sorry,
 And shoulder arms and march away
 With a tow row row
 For a distant field of glory.

(SQUIRE WESTERN *heard off* R., and *enter* BLIFIL R.I.E., *stops* R.)

SUSAN. (L.) Be the wild boar breaking out again ?

HOSTESS. (C.) Marmaduke, go fetch Mr. Partridge. (*Exit* Hostler R.U.E.) Mr. Partridge 'll put a ring through his nose, I warrant !

BLIFIL. (R.) Indeed, I must confess the Squire's conversation is——

HOSTESS. (C.) Conversation, d'ye call it ? To my mind 'tis more like barking than talking, but when it comes to profligacy——

BLIFIL. (R.) Profligacy, madam ?

HOSTESS. Aye ! marry. Called me an old woman, he did, to this very face.

SUSAN. (L.) Impudence ! But I warrant you put him down, ma'am ?

HOSTESS. La ! Heaven be praised ! I ha' not buried three husbands without knowing how to put a man down. I told 'un I'd fetch a doctor to 'un.

—BLIFIL. A doctor ? But the Squire will never allow——

HOSTESS. Hoity toity ! If Mr. Partridge waited to be allowed he'd never have a customer.

BETTY. (*At back.*) Here he be, ma'am ; here be Mr. Partridge. (PARTRIDGE *heard off.*)

HOSTESS. (*Proudly*) La, look at him ! Is this a man to be " allowed " ?

(*Enter* PARTRIDGE R.U.E., *a genially pompous man of about 40 ; wears wig with comb stuck in his little curls, razors in band of his apron, towels over his arm, leech jar in one hand, and tins and copper basin in the other. Comes down c., speaks to Man R.*)

PARTRIDGE. Madam—(*Bowing to* HOSTESS)—your most obedient and devoted. Sir—(*Bowing to* BLIFIL)—Benjamin Partridge has the honour to lay his modest, but I think I may say unrivalled gifts at your Lordship's feet. I am a humble disciple of Æsculapius and a not undistinguished Professor of Hair-cutting. With these simple appurtenances of my art and craft I will treat *ad libitum*—to use the happy phrase of the classic poet—a raging toothache or a smoky chimney. My salts, balms, squills, pills, gargles, leeches, and boluses shall cure, in a general way, anything. I will dose you, salve you, plaster, bleed or blister you. I will shave you for a penny, cut your hair for three ha'pence, draw every tooth in your head for a groat, and bleed you for twopence. Produce your complaint, and though it bulges hugeous as Ossa piled on Pelion, Benjamin Partridge

shall cap it with a remedy. For the rest, my modest but unrivalled gifts speak, I think, for themselves.

(HOSTESS *crosses extreme L.* BLIFIL *works round stage at back, to door up L.C.*)

No. 10. SONG—PARTRIDGE and CHORUS.

“A Person of Parts.”

1.

Benjamin Partridge, a person of parts,
Versed in the healing and medical arts ;
Fortune or weather prepared to foretell ;
Doctor, adviser, and barber as well.
Come, and I'll shave you, and, if you are ill,
Blister and bleed you and throw in a pill !
Bring you back cheap from the edge of the grave ;
The closer you're fisted, the closer the shave.
O Benjamin Partridge, a quack if you will ;
Scholar and marvel of surgical skill ;
Lather and lancet, perruquier, leech—
Omnium gatherum, something of each !

2.

Ready to physic whatever you please,
Give it a name and I kill the disease !
Cup for a fever or sweat for a chill ;
Draw you a tooth or a boil or a will ;
Caudle a baby or powder a wig ;
Water divine by the turn of a twig ;
Dance a down derry or drone you a hymn ;
Set you a riddle or set you a limb !
O Benjamin Partridge, a quack if you will ;
Scholar and marvel of surgical skill ;
Lather and lancet, perruquier, leech—
Omnium gatherum, something of each !

(*Dance, after which exit CHORUS R. and L. BLIFIL crosses R. to stairs. Enter GREGORY from staircase R. HOSTESS dusts mugs and puts some in cupboard L., during following scene.*)

BLIFIL. (R., at the foot of stairs. To GREGORY.) Is all well ? May I go up ?

GREGORY. (On stairs R.) I don't know. I be sent for flannel and warm ale. (Comes down to door R.)

PARTRIDGE. (R. by table. To BLIFIL, mechanically unfolding towel.) Now, sir, next for shaving or——

HOSTESS. (L., laughing.) La, Mr. Partridge, this be no case for barber !

PARTRIDGE. Say no more. Absent-mindedness, sir, absent-mindedness. A not infrequent concomitant of greatness. However, to come to our little symptoms. (To HOSTESS.) Madam, his Lordship may be shy.

BLIFIL. Sir, I am strong and well enough to defy your science, but not to try it. (Turns away.)

HOSTESS. (*To PARTRIDGE*) You misapprehend. 'Tis not this gentleman himself that needs you, 'tis——

PARTRIDGE. Say no more. The value of a nod was not more to Homer himself than to Benjamin Partridge. Perhaps his lady——

HOSTESS. Nay, Mr. Partridge, I tell 'ee 'tis a gentleman with the gout.

PARTRIDGE. Gout! Gout! Why, then I dally. I will go bleed the gentleman at once.

BLIFIL. But, my dear sir, I tell you you can't.

PARTRIDGE. Can't, sir? Can't? I have leeches here that will draw blood from a stone. (*Points to jar of leeches on table R.*)

GREGORY. If you go for to bleed Squire, I tell 'ee 'tis Squire will draw first blood. I be going to draw him a quart of ale.

PARTRIDGE. Ale! Ye gods! No wonder he's ailing.

HOSTESS. Aye, to give the devil his due, he have a good indraught for ale. But go your way to him, Mr. Partridge.

BLIFIL. I tell you Squire Western won't be bled.

PARTRIDGE. Squire Western? Is that his name? From Somersetshire?

BLIFIL. Ay! You know him?

PARTRIDGE. Know him? Know him? Where is the friend of my childhood? Nay, have no fear, I'll tickle his gout, I promise you. Benjamin Partridge's jokes are not unknown, I think. Ha, ha! I shall make him simply roar again. (*Goes up stairs R. to top, is going on to back rostrum.*)

HOSTESS. (*Pointing to exit R. up stairs.*) The other room, please.

PARTRIDGE. Sorry! (*Exit up steps R., followed by BLIFIL.*)

POST. (*Rising in ingle nook.*) Remember what I told you. Lady Bellaston will be here soon.

2ND HIGHWAYMAN. You be sure the servants won't use their barkers?

POST. The servants are all bought and paid for.

(*Exit R.U.E.*)

1ST HIGHWAYMAN. Well, we must be gone, too. Here—(*Putting coins on table L.*)—take the reckoning out of that. (*To his mate up c.*) If we ride hard we shall catch 'em by the Black Coppice. (*Exeunt R.U.E. GREGORY enters R.I.E., sees WESTERN, and dodges back in R.I.E. and watches WESTERN.*)

(*Noise up steps off R. PARTRIDGE tumbles downstairs, jumps over stool, runs L., and hides under table, pursued by SQUIRE WESTERN, who is held back by BLIFIL. Small Parts come running on.*)

WESTERN. (*On stairs R.*) Where is he? Where is he? Let me get at 'un! Let me go, Blifil! If I could get at 'un I'd a-licked 'un as well as he was ever licked in his life. Let me get at 'un!

BLIFIL. Nay, sir! let the paltry fellow go!

WESTERN. He tumbles on my gouty foot, spills his leeches all over me, and—— (*Shivers at recollection of leeches.*)

BLIFIL. I beseech you, sir—remember your health and the danger of exciting yourself.

WESTERN. Excited! Damme, I'm not excited! I'm as calm and mild as a lamb! (*Coming down stairs.*) I only want to break his infernal scraggy neck for 'un. (*Kicks banisters.*) Ugh! my foot!

BLIFIL. Let me lead you, sir.

WESTERN. Take me away, Blifil.

(BLIFIL leads WESTERN, who hops up three stairs, then falls again, hits at BLIFIL with his stick. BLIFIL runs up to top. WESTERN tries to pull his gouty foot upstairs, and finally lifts it up with his hands. When WESTERN is at top of stairs)—

PARTRIDGE. When the old gentleman has a little recovered his composure I will call again.

WESTERN. (*Foaming, turns, and falls down three or four stairs.*) What? Would you have the impudence to come near me again with you——

BLIFIL. Come, come, sir! (*Leading him away.*)

WESTERN. (*Looking back.*) As for your friend Tom Jones, if you do know that roguing, colloquing, beggarly son of a——

BLIFIL. Come, come, sir!

WESTERN. Ye can tell the viper, the serpent, that he shan't have a morsel of meat of mine, nor a farden to buy it!

PARTRIDGE. (*Crossing R. by table.*) Sir! Before you lose your temper, would you mind passing my razor off the top step?

WESTERN. What? (*Turns in furious rage, and tries to get at PARTRIDGE by climbing over the banisters.* PARTRIDGE runs L.)

(*Enter GREGORY with jug, as BLIFIL leads WESTERN off R.U.E., protesting, and exit Small Parts R. and L. laughing loudly. Exit GREGORY up stairs R.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Crossing R.C.*) He's in a playful mood, isn't he? What a temper! It ought to have been checked when he was young.

HOSTESS. (*C., laughing.*) Ho, ho, ho! Is this your wit that was to set him in a roar? Ho, ho, ho! (*Sits on stool R. of table L.*)

PARTRIDGE. No humorous perception, my dear madam: no humorous perception! I grieve to have to admit it, but the friend of my childhood has no perception of humour! Would you excuse me a moment? I want to gather together my impedimenta. Ah! here are my boluses! (*Is looking round for his properties when he gets up on to the table and peeps off through the door R. at the top of the staircase, to make sure the SQUIRE is not returning; he then goes and picks up properties and puts them on stool down R., picks up the jar containing the leeches, counts them and looks round. Goes up to table R. bends down and looks under table. Then stands R. by table and scratches his head.*) That's extraordinary!

HOSTESS. What's the matter?

PARTRIDGE. Most extraordinary! I've lost Lizzie, the leech. I wonder where she can be! I know we came in together. (*Goes to bottom of staircase R., and calls.*) Lizzie! Lizzie! I'm so anxious about her, too

HOSTESS. (*Rises.*) But the Squire, how did it happen?

PARTRIDGE. (*Crossing C.*) I will tell you. I went in with my accustomed cordiality, and, knowing nothing of his daughter, introduced myself to the Squire as a friend of our mutual friend Tom Jones. The Squire rose with flushed and eager face as if to embrace me. I rushed forward with responsive enthusiasm to grasp his hand, instead of which I tumbled on his toe. (*Laughs.*)

HOSTESS. Ho, ho, ho! (*Laughs.*) Did he say anything?

PARTRIDGE. Did he say anything ! Ha, ha, ha ! She jests at scars that never shaved herself ! (*Waves towel in the air.*) But oh ! What a flow ! No wonder Lizzie left the room.

HOSTESS. (L.) Ho, ho, ho ! You've put your foot in it this time, Mr. Partridge.

PARTRIDGE. (R.) Ha, ha ! Nay, I put my foot *on* it ! Ha, ha, ha, ha ! (*Crosses to table R.*)

HOSTESS. La, Mr. Partridge, you will have your little joke ! Ha, ha, ha ! But I must to work. There be Lady Bellaston's breakfast to get ready. Ha, ha, ha ! (*Goes up R.C., to door.*)

(*Exit HOSTESS U.L.C., laughing. PARTRIDGE comes down C.*)

PARTRIDGE. Ha, ha, ha ! What a world ! How tempus does fugit ! Piety cannot stay wrinkles. Tom Jones that I left as a babe, run away with Squire Western's daughter. (*Enter HONOUR R.U.E., comes down R.C.*) Now, if I could find these two——

HONOUR. Oh, be you Mr. Partridge, the horse-doctor ?

PARTRIDGE. Next, please ! Benjamin Partridge, the surgeon and scholar of Upton, at your service. How can I have the honour——

HONOUR. My mistress's horse has gone lame. We have just come. We halted here as they told us there was a horse doctor at Upton.

PARTRIDGE. Behold the man. And so you have only just arrived in Upton this morning, eh ?

HONOUR. H'm !

(*Enter SOPHIA L., up stairs, crosses at back and listens at top of stairs R.*)

PARTRIDGE. You and your mistress travel alone ?

HONOUR. (R.) No, together.

PARTRIDGE. (L.) Ha, ha ! That's very terse. The fact is I was charged—nay, not to put too fine a point upon it, entreated, by a dear friend, a Squire not without importance in Somersetshire, to make inquiries as to his daughter who——

HONOUR. (*Interested.*) As to——?

PARTRIDGE. Nay, *Pauca verba* ! Benjamin Partridge can keep his counsel, too.

HONOUR. Nay, I am not curious.

PARTRIDGE. (*Putting his arms round her.*) Not curious ? Then you're a curious woman. Ha, ha !

HONOUR. You were going to tell me something about——

SOPHIA. (*Top of staircase R.*) Honour !

(HONOUR and PARTRIDGE start, HONOUR goes R., PARTRIDGE L.C.)

HONOUR. (*Hurriedly.*) Yes, madam ! This be the horse-leech. I was asking him about your mare.

SOPHIA. Indeed ? And did you think, sir, to judge of the hurt to my horse by looking at the teeth of my maid ?

PARTRIDGE. Yes ! No ! Perhaps ! (*Crosses L., to bottom of table.*)

SOPHIA. (*Coming down stairs.*) What ? Another victim. Honour ! Nay, beware, mistress. Though this new conquest seem coy, remember he is a leech and may not be so easily shaken off as Gregory. (*Coming C.* PARTRIDGE giggles shyly.) But come, sir, business before pleasure. My horse, my horse. (*Crosses L.C.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Crosses up c.*) Madam, I fly like a shaft from Diana's bow.

SOPHIA. From Cupid's bow I think, you mean.

PARTRIDGE. (*c.*) Nay, let us say a shaft from——

SOPHIA. (*L.*) Say no more. (*PARTRIDGE preparing another speech.*) Not another word till my horse be mended.

PARTRIDGE. (*Takes props off table R.*) Lizzie!

(*Exit PARTRIDGE R.U.E., as SOPHIA stands laughing at his discomfiture.*)

HONOUR *crosses to c.*)

HONOUR. (*R., eagerly.*) Madam, we must be gone at once. This man is an old friend of Squire Western's

SOPHIA. (*L., laughing.*) This—an old friend of my father's! Ha, ha, ha!

HONOUR. He's just told me that a Somerset squire who has a daughter had asked him to make inquiries.

SOPHIA. Inquiries? What about?

HONOUR. I don't know.

SOPHIA. You silly goose! What, then, connects this wonderful tale with us?

HONOUR. (*L.C.*) La! Now you ask me, ma'am, I don't know.

SOPHIA. Then I'll tell you. 'Tis your constant craven silly fear. (*Crosses R.*) Had I not listened to your fears, we might have reached my Lady Bellaston's house to-night.

HONOUR. (*c.*) Had your ladyship listened to me, we should never have *started* on this wild-goose chase. Oh, lud! there's no great matter of difference between one man and another man than—(*holding up her muff*)—between one muff and another.

SOPHIA. (*Crosses L.C.*) No difference between Mr. Jones and Mr. Blifil, indeed! (*Rapturously.*) How often have I told you that Master Blifil never loved anyone but himself? Mr. Jones has never loved, and never can love, anyone but me. I know that's true, because he told me so himself.

HONOUR. (*c.*) Aye, marry come up! When a man's said that, in sooth, the Devil's dead and the Kingdom of Heaven's come.

(*Exit R.U.E., laughing.*)

SOPHIA. How silly she must be to compare Blifil with my Tom! I am sure any sensible girl would a thousand times rather be the meanest drudge on Mr. Jones's farm than the mistress of all Mr. Blifil's estate. Rather than marry Mr. Blifil I would take the first man who came along, like a "Dream o' Day Jill."

NO. 11. SONG—SOPHIA.

"Dream o' Day Jill."

1.

"I'll wear a petticoat of mus-a-lin," said Dream o' Day Jill,

"And a great gilded coach shall carry me

To a church on the hill,

When somebody comes to marry me—

A gentleman great of noble estate—

At the church on the hill," said Dream o' Day Jill!

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

"For nobody less shall marry me ! "
 It's hey dilly, dilly, dilly, call the ducks from the pond ;
 There are cows to be milked in the meadow beyond ;
 There are eggs to take to market and grist to the mill,
 And who'll make a pretty lady of Dream o' Day Jill !

2.

All in her petticoat of mus-a-lin goes Dream o' Day Jill,
 And her own pretty feet, they carry her
 To the church on the hill,
 Where somebody waits to marry her ;
 And, poor though he be, right gladly goes she,
 For " Yes ! " with a will said Dream o' Day Jill
 Heigh ho ! Heigh ho !

To the first one who came to marry her !
 It's hey dilly, dilly, dilly, call the ducks from the pond
 There are cows to be milked in the meadow beyond ;
 But she brought her eggs to market, as wise maidens will
 Who sigh to be pretty ladies, like Dream o' Day Jill.

(Exit off R.)

(Shouts off R. Enter GREGORY top of stairs R.)

GREGORY. Ay, Squire ! Port wine and beefsteak ! Hostess ! Hostess !
 (Crash upstairs. Men and Girls come running on R. and L., and SUSAN
 R.U.E.)

SUSAN. (L.C.) Lud ! what be the matter ? Be the wild boar breaking
 out again ?

GREGORY. It be his gout a-breaking out again.

SUSAN. Marry ! He be worse for breaking things than Samson
 amongst the Philippines ! What do he want ?

GREGORY. He do want a beefsteak and a bottle of port.

(Noise repeated. SQUIRE WESTERN heard calling, " Gregory, Gregory ! "
 off R.)

SUSAN. But he be calling 'ee. Why don't 'ee hurry ?

GREGORY. Because I be Zummersetshire ; and we don't never hurry
 nor worry where I do come from.

No. 12. SONG—GREGORY and CHORUS.

" Uncle Jan Tappit."

1.

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit Oi niver did zee,
 But they zay Oi remarkably tuk after 'ee.
 When my Feyther virst zaw me to Mawther 'e said,
 " Whoi, 'tis Uncle Jan Tappit arose from the dead ! "

Wi' 'is

Hee Dobbin ! Ho Dobbin !

Gee Dobbin ! Whoa Dobbin !

Zummerset medders fer clover !

Zays my Feyther to Mawther, " Just luk at 'is nose !
 'E nobbut wants snuff-coloured breeches and 'ose—

Odd drat 'ee !
 And 'ang 'ee !
 Luk at 'ee—
 Whoi, dang 'ee !
 'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over ! ”

2.

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit wuz voolish, they zay,
 Fer 'e wud go a-zeekin' ov mushrooms in May ;
 But 'e niver went out-without vindin' a 'are
 W'aat 'ad some 'ow or other got caught in a snare.

Wi' 'is

Hee Dobbin ! Ho Dobbin !
 Gee Dobbin ! Whoa Dobbin !

Zummerset medders fer clover !

But when Oi went seekin' of mushrooms, fer sure,
 They did gaol me for poachin' ; and Squire, e' swore

“ Odd drat 'ee !
 And 'ang 'ee !
 Luk at 'ee—
 Whoi, dang 'ee !

'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over ! ”

3.

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit wuz tender of 'eart,
 And whoile kissin' a widder fell out of a caart
 W'aat wuz loaded wi' 'ay, an' wuz picked up fer dead ;
 But by marciful Providence vell on 'is 'ead—

Wi' 'is

Hee Dobbin ! Ho Dobbin !
 Gee Dobbin ! Whoa Dobbin !

Zummerset medders fer clover !

An' my schoolmaister zaid, “ Warm your breeches Oi wull,
 Vur Oi can't get no larnin' insoide of your skull !

Odd drat 'ee !
 And 'ang 'ee !
 Luk at 'ee !
 Whoi, dang 'ee !

'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over ! ”

4.

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit, 'e jilted a maid,
 An' 'er 'eart it wuz broken vur iver, she said ;
 An' she spoke 'im zo zimple and touched 'im zo zore,
 That they thought as 'e'd smile agin niver no more—

Wi' 'is

Hee Dobbin ! Ho Dobbin !
 Gee Dobbin ! Whoa Dobbin !

Zummerset medders fer clover !

When a waggon ran over my vace an' Oi laid

All a-zwounding, they said, " 'E's been jiltin' a maid.
 Odd drat 'ee !
 And 'ang 'ee !
 Luk at 'ee !
 Whoi, dang 'ee !
 'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over ! "

Fig, then exit GREGORY R.I.E.

(Confused noise heard off. Enter Chorus excitedly.)

CHORUS.

My Lady's coach has been attacked
 By highwaymen, with pistols loaded, and faces blacked !

CHORUS. *(On stage.)*

Lawk-sa-mussy ! Where be ? Say !

CHORUS. *(Entering.)*

A down by coppice.

ALL.

Alack ! alack-a-day !

HOSTESS.

Your noise her ladyship alarms—
 She swoons in her preserver's arms.

CHORUS.

So let un bide together—nay,
 We be not wanted, then come away.
 Hush ! hush ! hush !
 Come away !

(During the foregoing, at cue "Lawk-sa-mussy," Servant brings armchair down to top of table L. At the cue "Alack ! alack-a-day !" enter TOM bearing in his arms LADY BELLASTON, whom he leads to armchair L.C., and loosens her cloak. Chorus exit R. and L. at end of number.)

LADY BELLASTON. Now I am better !—at last we are alone ! *(Approaching him effusively with extended arms.)* My preserver ! How can I ever thank you ? *(Sees SUSAN waiting R.)* What are you waiting for, wench ?

SUSAN. (R.) If it please your ladyship, will your husband—I mean will his lordship breakfast with you ?

TOM. (R.C.) Of course, I—— *(Crosses L.)*

LADY B. (C.) Let be ! Let be ! Why, of course this gentleman breakfasts with me.

SUSAN. Yes, your ladyship. *(Smirking.)*

LADY B. That will do ; get you gone ! *(Exit SUSAN R.I.E.)* The silly wench, I protest, has covered me with confusion. La, now ! you are displeased that you were taken for my husband ?

TOM. No ; but why not have told your maid to explain that we were strangers—that our meeting on the road was accidental ; that——

LADY B. *(Crosses L.C.)* Explain ? If it please the yokels to think us married, why should not we—nay, you shall not make me blush !

TOM. (L.) On my honour, I hardly thought it possible that——

LADY B. Yes, indeed ! Feel how my cheek burns. (*She puts TOM's hand to her cheek.*)

TOM. (*Crossing c.*) It is very warm. Shall I open the window ?

LADY B. Nay, nay ! I feel a sort of coldness round the heart.

TOM. It is very cold. Shall I close the door ?

LADY B. Nay, 'tis a sort of palpitation. (*TOM looks angry and goes R.C.*) Oddshearts ! That was the look you wore when you rushed upon the highwaymen ! (*Sits on form L.C.*) Come and sit down, you dear, terrible creature, you !

TOM. Your ladyship is very kind. But my friends the soldiers wait for me. They have almost persuaded me to take the King's shilling and join them.

LADY B. Oh, fie ! Have you no thought for your friends, your family ?

TOM. Family, madam, I never had. What friends I had my folly, or, rather, my presumption, has estranged. Because I dared to love above my station I am cast out homeless, friendless, penniless, with nothing left to lose but my life. (*With a laugh.*) Thank Heaven, I could lose *that* and be no poorer.

LADY B. I protest your story is the saddest in the world. Nay, I think I have shed tears ! Lud ! tell me : how do I look ?

TOM. Charming !

LADY B. Have I not quite spoiled my eyes ? Sit down—(*TOM sits*)—and you will see them closer. Now, what, I ask, what—(*Enter HOSTESS R.U.E.* LADY B. *rises and goes c.* HOSTESS R.C. *TOM crosses down L.*)—what in the name of fury want you meddling here ?

HOSTESS. La ! your ladyship ; I but came to say that your ladyship's and lordship's room is ready, and——

LADY B. Well, well ! I hope your room is better than your company. Don't stand gossiping there. (*Crosses R.*)

HOSTESS. Aye, marry ! (*Crosses to door up L.C.*) No wonder the highwaymen ran away.

(*Exit door up L.C.*)

LADY B. I thought Upton had been a quiet village, but I vow there is more privacy in the Mall. (*Sits.*) Be seated. Faint heart, you know——

TOM. Never gathered any moss. Yes, I know ; but your ladyship's breakfast is waiting. (*Is going up L.C.* LADY B. *stops him by catching hold of TOM's cloak.*)

LADY B. You are to help me eat it. Nay, you shall stay ! (*She draws him closer, then on to seat above her.* TOM *looks round uneasily.*) My preserver ! (*Falls on his shoulder as PARTRIDGE enters R.U.E., calling.*)

PARTRIDGE. Lizzie ! (*Sees LADY B. and TOM.*) H'm ! Your ladyship is indisposed. (*Crosses R.C.*)

LADY B. (*Rises and goes down L.*) Yes—no. What is your business ?

PARTRIDGE. I but now heard of your ladyship's mishap, and——

LADY B. (*Comes up L.C.*) You came soon enough. *Who and what* are you ?

PARTRIDGE. Benjamin Partridge—surgeon factotum—a poor scholar and a gentleman—*doctissime tonsorum.*

LADY B. I have no use for you. (*Goes down R.*)

PARTRIDGE. It is a lady's privilege, I would remind you, to change her mind. Ha, ha!

LADY B. (*Angrily.*) This is insufferable! (*Comes L.C.*) Impudent quacksalver!

PARTRIDGE. Crush-*ed*! (*Goes up to table R.*)

LADY B. If there be no other way to get rid of him, I must withdraw! (*Goes up L.C., to door. TOM rises and goes down L.*)

TOM. Thank Heaven, she's gone! Now I can escape.

LADY B. (*Calling back.*) Come, Mr. Jones! I am waiting for you, Tom. (*Exit L.C., up stage.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Business: looking at TOM.*) Tom Jones—er—Tom Jones! Is your name really Jones?—from Somersetshire?

TOM. It is. And what of it?

PARTRIDGE. Prodigious! (*Comes down L.C.*) And do you not recognise me?

TOM. (L.) No.

PARTRIDGE. (L.C.) No? true, you never saw me but once, and then you were only four days old.

TOM. Painful thought! But I am pressed for time. (*Going to cross R.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Stopping TOM.*) One moment! I hope you do not take me, sir, for a prattling busybody?

TOM. On the contrary, I take you for a village barber.

PARTRIDGE. Snubb-*ed*! Sir, I am a man of very few words. I may be able to do you a great service. But first let me ask a question. Do you know who was your father?

TOM. Ha, ha, ha! I confess there now you have me. No, I never was a wise child.

PARTRIDGE. *Filius Nullius*! And you know nothing of your mother?

TOM. (*Sadly.*) Nothing!

PARTRIDGE. *Hiatus in manuscriptis*! Sir, this requires cogitation. But leave it to me.

TOM. You are very obliging, but you know the proverb: "Who would have his work done well had best do it himself." (*Going up L.C.*)

PARTRIDGE stops him.)

PARTRIDGE. Pardon me, not in my business, sir. If a man would have his hair well cut, he gets someone to do it *for* him. Ha, ha, ha, a merry quip!

TOM. I am in no mood for jests. Tell me, what do you know about my birth?

LADY B. (*From door L.C.*) Mr. Jones! (*TOM goes down L.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Aside.*) Ah! Squire Western's daughter! she is found! (*Crosses R. to table. LADY B. calls again.*)

TOM. Yes, yes, presently.

LADY B. I'm waiting for you—Tom!

TOM. (*Aside.*) A plague take her!

PARTRIDGE. For shame! Has the bloom worn off so soon? Get you back to the lady, and I promise you developments within the half-hour that shall astonish you.

TOM. (L.) Confound it! Heaven is my witness that I did not mean

to see her again. But you have whetted my curiosity and I must return to hear what you have to say. A glass of wine with the soldiers and then——

(Exit TOM R.U.E. *Business of PARTRIDGE : looking through doors, then coming down c.*)

PARTRIDGE. Am I the man ? Partridge the seer, Partridge the detective, Partridge the diplomatist ! Ha, ha, ha ! What a discovery ! What an opportunity ! I break the news to my old friend Squire Western. I reconcile him to his daughter. I reconcile the bride and bridegroom, who appear to have had a little tiff. I reconcile Tom Jones to Mr. Allworthy by telling who and what the boy is. Then having made everybody happy, I retire to my *otium cum dignitate*. (Enter HONOUR upstairs, stops half-way down and listens to PARTRIDGE.) And then I'll devote myself to the useful task of raising little Partridges to bless posterity. Ha, ha, ha ! This will require tact. This will require diplomacy. In short, this will require Partridge ! Ha, ha, Benjamin, my boy, you're a damned clever rascal !

(Exit PARTRIDGE, L.I.E.)

HONOUR. (Coming down to c.) Then the barber do know Squire Western ! This will require tact. This will require diplomacy. Well, a woman must be a fool of a woman if she cannot make a fool of a man who looks at *her* as the barber looks at *me*.

No. 13. SONG—HONOUR.

“ As all the Maids.”

1.

As all the maids and I, one day,
Were in the meadow a-making hay,
There came, the lane a tit-tuppin' down,
A gentleman fine from London Town ;
And, oh ! he looked at me—
He looked askance at me !
I felt my cheeks go flaming red ;
I hadn't got eyes in the back of my head,
But I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked at me !

2.

We lasses all stopped makin' hay
And curtsied low to his bright “ Good day.”
The other maids wore petticoats fine,
They'd kilted them higher indeed than mine ;
But oh ! he looked at me—
He looked askance at me !
That he was tall and brave I knew,
Though never a glance at him I threw ;
But I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked at me !

3.

Said he, " I'm going to London Town ;
And I've lost my way across the Down.
If one of you maids will show the way,
A kiss for the service I will pay ! "

And oh ! he looked at me—

He looked askance at me !

So, lest he lost his way again,
I took him as far as the top of the lane :
For I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked at me !

4.

And when I showed him the way to go,
He lightly stooped to his saddle bow,
With, " Here's a kiss and a silver crown,
And come with me, sweet, to London Town ! "

And, oh ! he looked at me—

He looked askance at me !

But when I found the heart to cry,
" Kind sir, d'ye see any green in my eye ? "
Oh, the way that he looked,
The way that he looked at me !

(Exit R.I.E.)

(Re-enter PARTRIDGE L.I.E., *laughing, sits* L.C.)

PARTRIDGE. I can't get over it ! Fancy *me* making *this* discovery !
(*Rises.*) Benjy, my boy, you've the nose of a bloodhound !

(Re-enter HONOUR R.I.E.)

HONOUR. At last, then, I have found you !

PARTRIDGE. As I live, the merry little rogue with the twinkly orblots.
(*Takes her chin.*) As smooth as Hebe's are her unrazored lips ! Ha !
(*Mechanically unfolds napkin.*) Next please !

HONOUR. (R.) La, Mr. Barber, I don't want shaving ! You seem in a mighty good temper. Have you come into a fortune ?

PARTRIDGE. A fortune ? Ha, ha ! 'Tis the very word ! (*Putting his arm round her waist.*) Come, now, I'm almost of a mind to tell you.

HONOUR. But I know you won't, so good morning, Mr. Partridge !
(*Releasing herself and is going R. ; PARTRIDGE pulls her back.*)

PARTRIDGE. One moment ! Ha, ha ! Poppet, canst keep a secret ?

HONOUR. Nay, if you think I am not to be trusted—

PARTRIDGE. Ha, ha, ha ! I *must* tell you this. Well, you know this Squire Western I told you of ?

HONOUR. Squire Western ?

PARTRIDGE. Yes, yes—whose daughter ran away. I have just discovered that she is in this very house. Ha, ha, ha ! (L.)

HONOUR. What ? (R.)

PARTRIDGE. Ay, in this inn. Ha, ha !

HONOUR. (*Forcing a laugh.*) Ha, ha ! Miss Western is here, is she ?

PARTRIDGE. Ay ; but that's only part of the joke. The Squire's here, too.

HONOUR. Squire Western in this inn ?

PARTRIDGE. Yes !

HONOUR. Are you sure ?

PARTRIDGE. Am I sure ! Why, we've been playing touch on the stairs. She's running away and he's running after her. It's a game of Blind Man's Buff, and I'm the only one with his eyes open.

HONOUR. Splendid ! Splendid ! And what do you design to do ?

PARTRIDGE. I ? Ha, ha, ha ! Why, I shall reconcile him to his daughter, and he and Tom shall both bless me—at a price.

HONOUR. Tom ?

PARTRIDGE. Yes, of course. Tom Jones is the man she ran away with. He's with her now.

HONOUR. (R.) With Tom Jones ? Impossible !

PARTRIDGE. Ha, ha ! See, that's her cloak. (*Points to cloak on chair L.C., and goes R.C. by table.*)

HONOUR. (*Crosses to chair and looks at cloak.*) That my lady's—Miss Western's cloak ?

PARTRIDGE. Ay ! Ha, ha.

HONOUR. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Tom Jones with one of his queans ! (*Aloud.*) How clever of you to find them out ! 'Tis the best jest I ever heard ! (*Crosses R.*)

(PARTRIDGE *laughs. Enter GREGORY R.U.E. at the back whilst the laughing is at its height ; comes down C.*)

GREGORY. Honour ! (*Steps back.*)

(PARTRIDGE *comes L. of GREGORY and is going to speak, GREGORY shouts at him. PARTRIDGE crosses L. quickly.*)

PARTRIDGE. The avalanche !

HONOUR. Gregory ! I am lost !

GREGORY. Oh ! I've found you, you Jez— (*Crosses down R.*)

HONOUR. (R.C. *running up and catching hold of him.*) Gregory ! Gregory ! you *must* hear this ! Don't talk, Gregory, but laugh ! Laugh, Gregory ! This is Mr. Partridge—don't talk, Gregory—this is Mr. Partridge : such a clever man—don't speak, Gregory !—and so humorous. I must tell him, Mr. Partridge !

PARTRIDGE. (*Going over to L.C.*) No, I'll tell him.

HONOUR. No, I'll tell him.

PARTRIDGE. No, let me tell him ! (*Goes to GREGORY, who roars at him and lifts his hand as if to strike him. PARTRIDGE falls back frightened. To HONOUR.*) Yes, you tell him.

HONOUR. You'll laugh, Gregory, you'll laugh. Why, then, Mr. Partridge has discovered that Miss Western is in this inn—don't you understand ?—here, in this inn, and now he's got her safely bagged he's going to tell her father. (*GREGORY very confused. PARTRIDGE is chuckling to himself C.*) Laugh ! Don't you see the joke ? La ! how stupid you are, Gregory ! Don't you understand ? She'll be caught and dragged back to her home. Think how we shall enjoy seeing her taken home in triumph, with Mr. Partridge on the box seat of the coach ! (*Rapidly aside to GREGORY, who gradually grasps her meaning.*) Unless you put your horses in the carriage and drive us away this very minute, she is lost. I'll marry you to-morrow, Gregory, dear, if you'll do it. I will, indeed ! Don't you see the joke, Gregory ?

GREGORY. (R.) Ye—es, I begin to see it now !

NO. 14. LAUGHING TRIO.
HONOUR, GREGORY, and PARTRIDGE.

1.

HONOUR. You have a pretty wit, sure-lic,
Hee, hee, ho, ho !
GREGORY. For a keyhole what an eye,
Hee, hee, ho, ho !
HONOUR. I do admit the point I missed
Till you put me in the vein
And gave the joke a merry, merry twist
That made it all as plain as plain.
Ha, ha, ha, ha !
Then let's be merry while we may,
'Tis better to be blithe and gay
Than cry the live-long day !
OMNES. Then come, we'll bury care away !
Ha, ha, ha, ha !

2.

HONOUR. Thy humour driveth folk to tears,
Hee, hee, ho, ho !
GREGORY. Hath he not prodigious ears !
Hee, hee, ho, ho !
HONOUR. I vow no scandal doth escape
Them, be it near or far,
And while the dullards are agape
I catch the joke, and there you are !
Ha, ha, ha, ha !
Let's be merry while we may, etc.
(*Dance off R.I.E.*)

Enter TOM R.U.E. slightly intoxicated.

TOM. Partridge ! Partridge ! (*Looks around.*) Where has that rascally barber gone ? (*Comes down R.C. to front of table.*) Gone ! Ah, well, Wine ! wine ! the sparkling crimson wine ! How well it lends courage ! There's nothing like it to inspire a man either in love or in war ! Here's to the crimson wine, and the soldier's scarlet coat !

NO. 15. TOM and CHORUS.

"A Soldier's Scarlet Coat."

(*Chorus enter gradually during 1st verse.*)

1.

TOM. A coat ! a coat !
A soldier's scarlet coat !
A coat so rare
For a lad to wear
When bright the swords are flashing ;
Its martial flame
Lights men to fame
Where guns are loudly crashing.
In fierce attack
At siege or sack

The scarlet coat is ever leading ;
 Before its hue
 Fall maidens too
 In spite of all their pretty pleading.

CHORUS.

Then
 Sing Old Rose and let the bellows burn !
 For sombre liv'ries much I spurn,
 Scarlet bright is the tint for me.
 Lusty lads of the West Countree,
 Of the merry West Countree !

2.

TOM.

Red wine ! red wine !
 The sparkling crimson wine !
 Good wine for me
 Of Burgundy
 That from the beaker gushes !
 It rids your heart
 Of ev'ry smart,
 Your complaints it calms and hushes.
 Its bouquet rare
 Beyond compare
 Gives pleasure to the thirsty fellow ;
 Ripe wine and old
 Is more than gold,
 And makes a man both wise and mellow.

CHORUS.

Then
 Sing Old Rose and let the bellows burn, etc.

Enter SUSAN, door up L.C.

SUSAN. Breakfast is waiting and cooling. Your lady is waiting and —not cooling, Mr. Jones.

(Enter SOPHIA from garden, with bunch of flowers, and overhears name as SUSAN exits R.U.E.)

TOM. I come ! I come ! *(Drinks.)* Joseph himself could not have escaped this adventure !

SOPHIA. Tom ! *(Crosses at back on tiptoe, but seeing cloak on chair L.C., wraps herself in it and sits down.)*

TOM. Thank Heaven, the rosy nectar has primed my courage, but even now if I could slip away unperceived—*(SOPHIA coughs ; TOM turns and sees SOPHIA, whom he thinks is LADY B.)*—Why, Lady Potiphar is here ! *(He approaches chair, which SOPHIA turns from him ; she holds flowers to her face to hide her laughter.)* Now for a warm reception ! *(Aloud.)* At last I have come back.

SOPHIA. *(In an assumed voice.)* 'Tis better late than never.

TOM. I fear I have kept you waiting.

SOPHIA. You have.

TOM. (R.) You have caught a chill in this draughty place ?

SOPHIA. (L.) No, no !

TOM. I protest I note the difference in your voice. I am much to blame.

SOPHIA. (*Coughing.*) 'Tis nothing.

TOM. The inner room will be warmer. (*Goes to embrace her.*)

SOPHIA. . (*Drawing away from TOM's embrace.*) This is well enough.

TOM. (*Sits on arm of her chair. Aside.*) She *has* caught a chill with a vengeance ! (*Grows more affectionate.*) But you complained that conversation here was impossible ; that 'twas less private than the Mall.

SOPHIA. When ?

TOM. Before I left you. You cannot have forgot ?

SOPHIA. Why, what could I have to say to you ?

TOM. (*Piqued.*) Oh, your ladyship was not compelled to say anything. Beauty has no obligations. It only confers them.

SOPHIA. (*Beginning to look troubled ; rises and crosses R.C.*) But why should we need privacy ?

TOM. . (*Crossing to SOPHIA.*) Because I thought the intrusion of unhallowed eyes in Beauty's worship was sacrilege, and the breath of profane voices blasphemy. (*TOM goes to embrace SOPHIA again ; she draws away again.*) Because I misunderstood—I did not know your ladyship designed only to mock me.

Enter HOSTESS *up* L.C.

HOSTESS. I pray you, I beseech you, sir, to go to your lady.

(*Exit* R.U.E.)

Enter LADY BELLASTON, L.U.C.

LADY B. Must I come in person to entreat your presence ? Perfidious wretch ! Would you desert me ?

TOM. My lady ? Then whom in the name of wonder——

LADY B. Nay, I will hear no excuses. Come sir ! Come, Tom. (*She takes his arm and leads him off door up* L.C.)

SOPHIA. (*Looking up after TOM.*) Tom ! Tom ! Lost ! Lost ! All is lost ! And he was all the world to me !

No. 16. SONG—SOPHIA (*and CHORUS off stage.*)

“ Hey Derry Down ! ”

1.

Love maketh the heart a garden fair,
And beautiful thoughts are the blossoms there.
Gardener Love, and he singeth a song,
As he tendeth it all day long !
With a hey derry down !

2.

But one day the garden a cold wind sears,
In vain you water it with your tears :

Every blossom, it droopeth its head ;
 All are withered, and love is dead.
 With a hey derry down !

(Exit SOPHIA R.U.E. Enter HONOUR R.I.E.)

HONOUR. Not here ! She must have returned to her room. (*Goes R. to stairs, meets BLIFIL, who enters down staircase R.*)

BLIFIL. (*On the stairs R.*) By all that's fortunate, Mistress Honour !

HONOUR. By all that's unfortunate, Mr. Blifil ! (*She stops at the bottom of stairs R.*)

BLIFIL. Where is your mistress ?

HONOUR. She ordered her horse an hour ago to ride to London, and I have not seen her since.

BLIFIL. Jezebel !

HONOUR. Gentleman !

(*Enter PARTRIDGE, R.U.E., comes down R.C. by table.*)

BLIFIL. At least tell me this—is that beggar Tom Jones with her ?

PARTRIDGE. Pardon me, my picture of joy ! (*HONOUR crosses L.C.*)

Enter GREGORY R.U.E. *Business : of telling HONOUR that SOPHIA waits outside. Exit GREGORY and HONOUR R.U.E.*) I never interfere with other people's concerns, but I promise you Mr. Jones is no beggar.

BLIFIL. What ? The meddling barber ! (*More politely.*) Come, sir, if you know aught of Mr. Jones, I bid you tell me.

PARTRIDGE. Ha, ha, ha ! The meddling barber begins to be appreciated !

BLIFIL. I promise you, you shall be rewarded.

PARTRIDGE. Ha, ha ! Say you so ? I expect no less. What will Squire Western give to have the two missing turtle-doves restored ?

BLIFIL. Both ! Where are they ?

PARTRIDGE. Ha, ha ! Suppose you peep through yonder keyhole ! (*Chuckles, and points to the door up L.C.*) I've had a look myself !

BLIFIL. (*Goes to top of stairs.*) Ha, Jezebel ! We have you now by the heels ! Come, sir, I promise you shall receive liberal treatment at Squire Western's hands.

PARTRIDGE. Nay, I have had *quantum sufficit* at his feet ! (*Exit L.I.E.*)

BLIFIL. (*Laughing.*) As you will ! (*Calls.*) Squire ! Squire ! Your daughter is found !

(*HOSTESS goes down R. HONOUR comes down R.C. HOSTESS puts muff on seat R. of ingle-nook up C., and comes down R. Enter SQUIRE WESTERN on top of stairs R.*)

No. 17. FINALE.

WESTERN. (*On stairs, R. excitedly.*)

Where be my daughter ?

Marry, I'll teach her !

Where be she—

PARTRIDGE. (L.) There, within that room !

(*TOM coming from room up L.C.*)

TOM. (Squire Western !)

WESTERN. Tom Jones ! Now I've caught her ! I want my daughter !

TOM. I have not seen her.

(WESTERN goes to strike TOM with his stick. TOM is going to draw his sword, when PARTRIDGE slips between them. TOM pushes PARTRIDGE R.)

WESTERN.

Come, she's in here !

(Goes up to door L.C.)

(WESTERN bursts into room (scream off up L.C.) and returns, followed by LADY BELLASTON. WESTERN comes down R.C. PARTRIDGE bumps into him. WESTERN pushes PARTRIDGE away R. As he turns up stage, PARTRIDGE catches hold of WESTERN's coat-tails and WESTERN hits him with stick ; PARTRIDGE throws towel at him. Exit WESTERN with BLIFIL R.U.E. and PARTRIDGE. LADY BELLASTON comes down L.C., then crosses R., at WESTERN's exit.)

CHORUS. (Mockingly.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Ho, ho, ho, ho !

A very fine imbroglio !

"The clue I hold !"

And over rolled

Sir Anthony Rowley, oh !

(TOM sits on stool L.C. LADY BELLASTON comes C.)

LADY B. (to TOM)

I know your secret now :

You look for one above you.

O poor, unhappy boy,

To be the broken toy

Of one who does not love you—

TOM. (Rising.)

'Tis false ! I vow 'tis false !

LADY B.

Ay, false is she, I vow,

When evil fate betide you,

To turn and fly,

Your love were I,

My place should be beside you !

TOM.

Oh ! say not so !

I know

She loves me, though

Our parting may be, perchance, for ever,

She will forget me never !

(LADY BELLASTON crosses R.)

CHORUS.

The maiden who
Is fond and true
And faithful to
Her love, will ever stand beside him,
Whatever may betide him,
And with her cheering presence waken hope anew !

LADY B.

Forget, forget
You ever met
This maid false-hearted !

OFFICER. (L.)

A toss for fickle maids !
Their coin has not the proper ring.

(LADY BELLASTON goes up R.L. to door L.C. Exit and puts hat on.
Cross R.)

Cry fie ! on them, for sorry jades.
And be a soldier of the King !

TOM. (*Spoken.*) Ay, that will I.

'Tis better to lie in a ditch, I swear
With your weazen neatly slit,
Than eat your heart out in despair
For a heartless jilt who does not care
A jot for it ;
'Tis better to love and march away,

(HOSTESS goes up R. to ingle-nook.)

Or in a tavern sit,
And drink good liquor all the day,
And leave a kiss behind to pay
The shot for it !

(LADY B. enters door up L.C., comes down L.C. and watches.)

For a soldier's life
Has honour and glory abounding ;
Shrill-tongued fife
And bugle for ever resounding.
Kiss-me-quick-my-loves in plenty,
Comely maids of sweet-and-twenty !

OFFICER.

Come, come, come !
The soldier follows the drum,

(HOSTESS comes down R.C., looking at muff, which she has brought from
ingle-nook.)

TOM.

And the lasses follow the soldier !
Chorus Repeat.

TOM. (*seeing muff.*)

Say ! What have you there ?

HOSTESS. (*Spoken.*)

A lady's muff !

(HOSTESS gives it to TOM, who looks earnestly at it.)

TOM.

I seem to know it. Ah me !

And yet—and yet—it cannot be !

(*excitedly.*)

The paper that is pinned thereon,

Whose writing bears it ?—Sophia Western !

HOSTESS.

'Tis the young lady's who hath lately gone away.

TOM. (*to PARTRIDGE*)

Fool ! Fool ! Now am I undone ! Say, where is she ?

CHORUS.

She's on the road to London—

TOM.

Good horses, quick ! Come, let's be gone ! Stay, my purse—

Bah ! 't has nothing in it ! (*Throws his purse down.*) Then I will go a-foot.

(PARTRIDGE picks up purse. LADY B. crosses R.C. Exit PARTRIDGE R.U.E.)

LADY B. (*R.C. aside.*)

I must not lose him yet.

(*Crosses L.C. to TOM.*)

You are embarrassed, I am in your debt—

Ay, that and deeply ; pray command me.

I go to London also,

And my coach is at your service.

Lend me your kind protection.

TOM.

Ah, madam ! how can I thank you ?

(LADY B. crosses R., sends HOSTESS for cloak. HOSTESS fastens LADY B.'s cloak.)

Come, who knows, my luck may turn—

If not I'll yet be a soldier.

(*Re-enter PARTRIDGE, with hat and cloak, gives them to TOM, then exits R.U.E. and re-enters with properties as beginning of act, also carpet bag. TOM takes bag and puts muff inside, then returns bag to PARTRIDGE, who puts his properties in. TOM shakes hands with Chorus, bidding good-bye.*)

(*Ensemble.*)

For a soldier's life

Has honour and glory abounding ;

Shrill-tongued fife

And bugle for ever resounding.

Kiss-me-quick-my-loves in plenty.

Comely maids of sweet-and-twenty !

Come, come, come !

The soldier follows the drum,

And the lasses follow the soldier !

The soldier's life is one of fame and glory,
The soldier's life is praised in song and story ;
The soldier talks of victory and battle,
The din of cannon's rattle, the sound of drum.
Then hey, for the life of a soldier !

TOM crosses R., to LADY B., takes her hand and leads her up C. and exits R.U.E. At end of finale, PARTRIDGE kneeling down C., looking mournfully at leech jar in his hands.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

SCENE : Ranelagh Gardens.

No. 18. CHORUS. (Gavotte.)

Glass of fashion,
 Mould of form,
 Acme of elegance,
 Height of gentility ;
 Modish town, and eke Arcadia,
 These art thou, O Ranelagh.
 Mark our airs,
 Our conversation,
 Cut of coat and hang of gown ;
 Each of them
 An education
 In the manners of the town.

COL. H. (L.C.) I vow there's nothing like the gavotte to show off a gentleman's figure.

(Enter WESTERN L.U.E., comes down L.C., and DOBBIN L.U.E., comes down R.C.)

COL. W. (R.C.) Ay, if he have one to show. Here, for instance, are two figures that a fashionable dance would set off to advantage. (*Laugh.*)

COL. H. (*Approaching WESTERN and saluting.*) Your lordship is seeking a partner for the gavotte ? (*Laugh.*)

WESTERN. Gavotte be——!

COL. W. Nay, cannot you see that his lordship provides his own partner ?

WESTERN. I tell 'ee I be Squire Western.

COL. H. (*Pretending to recognise him.*) What ? The great Squire Western ? (*Crosses R.C.*)

(DOBBIN crosses L.)

COL. W. The elegant Squire Western ?

COL. H. The learned and fashionable Squire Western ?

WESTERN. (*Mollified.*) What did I tell 'ee, Dobbin ? They do know Squire Western in Lunnon. (*To Beaux.*) Ay, I be come up to Lunnon on a bit of business seeking my daughter. I hear she be come to this place with a frumping, romping old cat of a kinswoman o' mine, Lady Bellaston.

COL. H. Lady Bellaston ! Then is your daughter the new country beauty who has broken all our hearts ?

WESTERN. (*Complacently.*) Very likely. They do say she be like me. (*Laughs.*)

COL. W. And is this—he, he !—the bridegroom you designed for her ?

WESTERN. What, this ? Ho, ho, ho ! Why, that be Dobbin, my servant ! Ho, ho, ho !

(*Enter GREGORY L.U.E., who, seeing WESTERN, hides behind tree R.*)

COL. H. Oh ! this is not the Mr. Blifil we have heard of ?

WESTERN. (*Angrily.*) Blifil ? My daughter bean't going to marry no sneaking, penniless, cast-off rogue of a Blifil ! I told her I'd never let her marry that son of a—(*DOBBIN laughs*)—What be you laughing at, Dobbin ? But come, if 'ee do know her, maybe you can put me in the way to find her.

COL. W. 'Tis likely you may find her in the tea-rooms.

(*COL. H. and COL. W. go up to steps R.C.*)

WESTERN. (*Disgustedly.*) Tea-rooms ? Dobbin, 'ee can go look in the tea-rooms while I go round the ale houses. Come, gentlemen, which be the way ?

COL. H. This way, Squire.

(*Exeunt R.U.E.*)

GREGORY. (*From behind tree.*) Cuckoo !

DOBBIN. (*Surprised.*) What ? Gregory !

GREGORY. (*Coming out.*) Ay. Be he gone ?

DOBBIN. Ay ; he be seeking Miss Sophia in the ale houses. He won't be back for hours. And so it was 'ee brought Miss Sophia to Lunnon ?

GREGORY. Ay, in Squire's coach. Ho, ho, ho !

(*Enter HONOUR R.U.E., stops on steps at back and listens.*)

DOBBIN. And Honour—where be your sweetheart ?

GREGORY. Oh, I have other sweethearts now, Dobbin. Honour be too countrified for me. My mind have been opened since I come to Lunnon.

HONOUR. (*Coming down C. between GREGORY and DOBBIN.*) Then do 'ee shut it again before the draught gets in and makes your little brain rattle. Well, Dobbin, have you any news of Master Jones ?

DOBBIN. What ? Haven't ye heard ? He be the lawful begotten son of Squire Allworthy's sister !

HONOUR. Master Jones ?

DOBBIN. Aye, Master Jones ! Master Blifil's elder brother—and Blifil knowed it all the time. But Blifil be disgraced and cast off now.

HONOUR. Rare news ! This, then, was what the Upton barber meant.

DOBBIN. Ay, 'twas him sent news to Squire Allworthy.

HONOUR. Oh ! my clever Benjy ! I could kiss him for this.

GREGORY. Here, Honour, I think 'ee do forget 'ee do love me.

HONOUR. I'll tie a knot in my kerchief to remind me. But Mr. Partridge be ten times cleverer and wiser than you, and more faithful. But where is he ? And Mr. Jones ?

DOBBIN. Nay, haven't you seen 'em? They be come to Lunnon with Lady Bellaston.

HONOUR. (*Intensely surprised.*) What? Master Jones come to Lunnon with Lady Bellaston!

GREGORY. There, didn't I tell 'ee? I knowed I'd seen Master Jones at Lady Bellaston's door.

HONOUR. Lady Bellaston! It couldn't be. I tell 'ee you didn't!

GREGORY. I tell 'ee I did! So there!

(*Together.*)

HONOUR. You didn't, you didn't, you didn't! So there!

(HONOUR *crosses R.*)

GREGORY. Well, maybe I didn't.

HONOUR. But 'ee said 'ee did.

GREGORY. Then maybe I be a liar.

HONOUR. Well, don't get angry. Maybe you be. But if this should be true, if I could only meet Mr. Partridge now!

GREGORY. Honour! What do you—(*Takes hold of her.*)

(*Enter COL. H., COL. W., and TOM EDWARDS R.U.E.*)

COL. H. What! Beauty in distress! Unhand her, villain! (*Throws GREGORY L.*) Madam, may I have the pleasure of introducing your ladyship to the sights of Ranelagh?

GREGORY. (*Sighs.*) Thank 'ee, we can see three or four of 'em for ourselves. (*Men laugh.*) Be you laughing at us?

EDWARDS. (L) Nay, let me die.

GREGORY. Why, I don't see nothing else to laugh at. Come away, Honour.

COL. H. (R.C.) Nay, you may take yourself away—you may take anything else away, but you shall not deprive us of our Honour.

GREGORY. But she be my Honour.

EDWARDS and OTHERS. (*Drawing their swords and making thrusts at GREGORY.*) Now, come, you ungenteel—(*Thrust*)—impudent—(*Thrust*)—vulgar—(*Thrust*)—bumpkin! Don't you see that you are *de trop*?

GREGORY. (*Shouting as he backs off up R.*) I tell 'ee I be Somersetshire. I want my Honour! Come away, Honour, come away!

(*Exeunt GREGORY and DOBBIN R.U.E., followed by EDWARDS. HONOUR goes up C.*)

HONOUR. What be they doing to him?

COL. H. (L.C.) Oh, they won't hurt him. Come, my Amaryllis, what will you give me if I buy you a fairing?

HONOUR. La, sir, in the country the men give what they can afford, and take what they can get.

No. 19. SONG—HONOUR *and* MALE CHORUS.

“The Green Ribbon.”

4 BASSES.
O O O O
R.

HONOUR.
O

4 TENORS.
O O O O
L.

1.

All for a green ribbon
She walked to the fair,
As a May morning early
Broke crimson and pearly.
And the lark sang tira lira
High up in the air.
And all for a green ribbon
She walked to the fair
All for a green ribbon
To tie in her hair.
Ah ! well may men make jolly oh
O'er maidens and their folly oh !
All for a green ribbon
To tie in her hair !

CHORUS.

HONOUR.

2.

All for her two brown eyes
A lad at the fair
Said, “ I'll buy you a fairing,
A fal-lal for wearing,
If you'll dance with me a measure—
The fiddler waits there.”
And all for a green ribbon
She danced at the fair ;
All for a green ribbon
She danced at the fair
Ah ! well may men, etc.

CHORUS.

HONOUR.

3.

All for a lad's asking
She stole from the fair ;
And he spoke her so straightly,
She, wondering greatly,
Fell a-blushing, but gave him
Her heart, then and there.
And all for a green ribbon
He bought at the fair,
And all for a green ribbon
He bought at the fair.
Ah ! well may men, etc.

CHORUS.

HONOUR.

*(Exeunt L.I.E.)**(Enter TOM, looking behind him, R.U.E.)*

TOM. It is Lady Bellaston ! Then her maid lied to me when she pretended her mistress was too ill to leave her room. There's double dealing in it, there's trickery. I'm more than ever sure that if my Sophia ever came to London she must have gone to her kinswoman, Lady Bellaston. Lady Bellaston ! What could I have to say to her whom my heart despises ? when even in the presence of my Sophia I cannot find words to speak my passion.

No. 20. SONG—TOM.

“ If Love's Content.”

1.

If love's content lie in the spoken word,
 Then must a more accomplished tongue than mine
 Be eloquent, and I remain unheard
 Where facile wit o'er humbler gifts doth shine.
 I have no wealth of words—no courtier's art,
 With store of honey'd speech my love to greet ;
 And can no more than bring a beating heart,
 And, asking nothing, lay it at her feet.
 Come, then, fortune or ill befall,
 Go heart, wavering never ;
 And if she deem the offering small,
 Yet will I love her ever.
 Come, then, happiness or despair,
 It asketh nothing but to live and die for her.

2.

If she be kind, and, as may well befall,
 Seal with her sweet and rosy lips my joy,
 Then shall I find fair thoughts and speech withal,
 And in her homage every hour employ.
 Her form, her face, her beauties manifold
 The very well-springs of my heart shall stir ;
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever me withhold :
 My latest sigh shall be in praise of her.
 Come, then, fortune or ill befall, etc.

TOM. Where is that Jack o' Lantern ? Partridge ! Partridge !

(PARTRIDGE *appearing* R.U.E.)

PARTRIDGE. You called me ? (*Comes down* R.)

TOM. (*Crosses* L.C.) Oh, to think that the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes fixed on that very moon which I now behold ! (*Points up to gallery.*)

PARTRIDGE. Very pretty, sir—but if my eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast beef, you might take the moon and the filleted stars for yourself.

TOM. Ha, ha, ha ! If you be hungry, go and eat. (*Goes up on steps* R.C. and *looks off* R.) It is——

PARTRIDGE. (*Pushing up to TOM.*) What! Lizzie?

TOM. No, it isn't! (PARTRIDGE *comes down* R.C. TOM *comes down* C.) What were you saying?

PARTRIDGE. (R.) Truly, sir, I am a man of *pauca verba*, and since Lady Bellaston, poor, foolish lady, chooses to love you——

TOM. (C.) Not another word of that! (*Threatening him.* Crosses R.) Are you resolved to make me mad, indeed?

PARTRIDGE. Not for the world! But if you had not been mad——

TOM. What then?

PARTRIDGE. Why, then, sir, at the wedding there might have been a dinner.

TOM. (R.) Ha, ha! What a hungry fellow you are! You are always thinking of your dinner.

PARTRIDGE. (C.) "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." You may not have noticed it, sir, but we haven't had one for a week.

TOM. Ha, ha! Poor fellow! (*Fumbling in his fob.*) Go and get what you want. (PARTRIDGE *holds out his hand, but TOM suddenly goes up R. and looks off.*) You need not wait.

PARTRIDGE. The waiter will. (*Enter WAITER R.I.E.—looks very sleepy and lugubrious.* TOM *comes down* L.) But who comes? You mustn't rush about like that! You'll be giving yourself heart disease.

TOM. (*Crosses R.C. to WAITER.*) Aye, let us feast and be merry. Bring us something—anything—a syllabub—a jelly—or what-not. (*Crosses up to L.*)

PARTRIDGE. What-not! Nay, stay! No what-nots for Benjamin Partridge. (*Exit TOM into arbour* L. *Crosses to WAITER.*) Have you any good roast beef, sirrah, any fat capons, any right Lincoln ale?

WAITER. Ay, sir.

PARTRIDGE. (*Falling on WAITER's neck.*) Then bring them; bring them all. Bring heaps of them, mountains of them! Bring all you have and order more.

(*Enter TOM L.I.E.*)

WAITER. (R.) Ay, sir. (*is going off.*) While you wait, sir, you will have opportunity to see the new country beauty who has set the gardens ablaze to-night. A kinswoman of my Lady Bellaston's, I believe.

TOM. My Lady Bellaston's—where?

WAITER. Here, on the lake, sir.

(*Exit WAITER R. into rotunda.*)

TOM. (*Rushes up on to steps up* R.C.) Partridge—it is! It is!

PARTRIDGE. (*Rushing to TOM.*) What! Something to eat?

TOM. Eureka! She is found! She is found! My Sophia!

(*Exit TOM R.U.E.* PARTRIDGE *on steps* R.C. *Enter HONOUR, running* L.U.E.; *comes down* L.)

HONOUR. La! here is another of them! Nay, as I do live by mischief, it is—it is the Upton barber! Now for this wonderful news about Master Jones! (*Masks herself as PARTRIDGE comes down* R.)

PARTRIDGE. (*Sees HONOUR.*) Ah! A petticoat! This must be attended to at once. (*Crosses C.*) Madam, your ladyship's servant.

HONOUR. (L., *aping a lady's modishness.*) Sir, your lordship's most obedient.

PARTRIDGE. (C.) Let me perish, but your ladyship looks divinely!

HONOUR. Let me die, sir, but I vow your lordship has a great gift of lathering.

PARTRIDGE. Of——?

HONOUR. Of—flattering. (*Crossing R.*) I marvel that I never met your lordship at Court.

PARTRIDGE. (*Aside*) A lady of the Court!

HONOUR. But perhaps your lordship's estates are situated in the country?

PARTRIDGE. (*Crosses R.C.*) My estates, madam—are—er—scattered. (*Aside.*) Horribly scattered!

HONOUR. Ay, up and down your customers' chins.

PARTRIDGE. Madam!

HONOUR. I say you must go up and down to get the accustomed crops in.

PARTRIDGE. Ah! I was about to ask your ladyship to take refreshment. (*Fumbling in his fob, aside.*) Egad! not the price of a penny shave to wet the whistle of a lady of the Court. (*Aloud.*) On further consideration I find that—er—here is—no *locus standi*.

HONOUR. No——?

PARTRIDGE. *Locus standi*! No place for standing. As my friend Lady Bellaston was saying to me——

HONOUR. (R.) Lady Bellaston!

PARTRIDGE. (L.) Friend of yours?

HONOUR. No; yours?

PARTRIDGE. Friend of my childhood, dear lady! betrothed to another great friend of my childhood—nephew and heir to the great Squire Allworthy.

HONOUR. Why, that must be——

PARTRIDGE. Nay, let be. We must be off with the old love before we mention the new.

HONOUR. And who is the old lady?

PARTRIDGE. A fond little fool who—ha, ha ha!—my master—(*Recollects he is aping a lord, pulls himself up, drops his hat and kicks it off L.*)—that is my friend Tom—had to run away from home to get rid of, but—ha, ha!—she came running after us, and—ha, ha!—she came upon us at an inn where my mast—I mean my friend Tom—ha, ha, ha!—was staying with the new love, and——

HONOUR. Lady Bellaston!

PARTRIDGE. Nay, nay! I never told you.

HONOUR. My mistress shall hear of this.

PARTRIDGE. (*Surprised.*) Your mistress! (HONOUR *unmasks.*) Honour!

HONOUR. And to think my mistress is crying her heart out for your precious Mr. Jones! (*Going up R. to steps R.C.*) I'll go and tell her at once.

(*Exit HONOUR R.U.E., leaving PARTRIDGE thunderstruck, c.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Looks round for HONOUR.*) I can't let her get away with this news. Honour ! Honour !

(*Exit R.U.E. after HONOUR.*)

(*Enter CHORUS gradually.*)

No. 21. *a* { BARCAROLLE.—CHORUS.
b { RECIT. AND WALTZ SONG—SOPHIA.

CHORUS.

Beguile, beguile,
With music sweet,
The charmed hour of night ;
And pile, O pile
At beauty's feet
Fair flowers for her delight.
E'en as the birds
In yonder grove
Attune their notes for ears polite,
So let the words
We sing of love
Be only such as gentle thoughts invite,
Lest they her innocence affright.

(*Enter SOPHIA, in barge.*)

Hail, hail to the fair !

Recit.

SOPHIA.

Which is my own true self ?
I who here to-night
Do stand amazed to find a world so bright ?
Or she who crept
Last night her pillow to,
And slept, and wept,
The hours alternate through.
Or I, or she,
Waking will prove anon ;
An this a dream be,
Let the dream go on !

Waltz Song.

For to-night
Let me dream out my dream of delight,
And purchase of sorrow a moment's respite.
I am dazed,
Like a lark that has gazed
On the sun, in his flight.
Let me sing !
For I waver and swing
Between madness and gladness to-night.

(Exit CHORUS R. and L., leaving COL. H. R.C., COL. W. L.C., COUNTESS up R.C., One Chorus Gentleman L.)

COL. H. (R.C.) Charming! Charming! Charming! Delightful!

(Re-enter TOM R.I.E.)

SOPHIA. (C.) Thank you, thank you! I am a little dazed with all this splendour.

COL. H. May I have the honour of escorting you to Lady Bellaston?

COL. W. (L.C.) I know her ladyship has a surprise for you.

(TOM comes R.C.)

SOPHIA. A surprise? I thought I saw—Ah.

COL. H. Why, who is this fellow?

(COL. W. goes up R.C. to COUNTESS.)

TOM. This lady's most obedient servant to command.

SOPHIA. Gentlemen, I have something to say—my friend.

(Surprise of Beaux.)

COL. H. Your ladyship's wish is our command.

(Bow and exeunt—one Beau R.U.E. and one L.U.E., COL. W. R.)

TOM. (R.C.) I see, madam, that you are surprised.

SOPHIA. (L.C.) Indeed, I am surprised—

TOM. Ah! my Sophia— (SOPHIA draws herself up in a dignified manner.) Pardon me for this once calling you so. Did you but know the thousand torments I have suffered in this long pursuit—

SOPHIA. Pursuit! Of whom?

TOM. (R.C.) Can you be so cruel as to ask that question? Need I say—of you!

SOPHIA. (L.C.) Of me? Has Mr. Jones then such important business with me?

TOM. Business? Ay, I have to restore to you these tablets which you left at the inn at Upton.

SOPHIA. What! You would remind me—

TOM. Ah! you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened than I do myself. But, believe me, my heart was ever faithful to you.

SOPHIA. Why, Mr. Jones, do you take the trouble to make a defence where you are not accused?

TOM. Nay, then, if I am so indifferent to you—

SOPHIA. To come to you, I had left everything.

(Enter LADY BELLASTON, R.U.E., with Three Beaux, who come L. up stage.)

TOM. By Heaven, I scarce wish you should pardon me. Oh, my Sophia, henceforth never cast a thought on such a wretch as I am—(is going)—and when I am gone—

SOPHIA. Tom! How can you be so cruel?

TOM. What—can you be so kind? (Is about to cross to her when—)

LADY B. (C.) I should not have broken in upon you so abruptly if I had known you had company—

TOM. (R.C.) Madam, I——

LADY B. And who is this gentleman ?

SOPHIA. (L.) Oh, some weeks ago I mislaid my pocket-tablet which this gentleman, having very luckily found——

TOM. But was unable to return, as I had sought for her lodging in vain until to-day——

LADY B. My cousin had very good luck in accidentally meeting you here. But since your business is at end——

TOM. I have no more to do but to take my leave. (*Is going when enter PARTRIDGE and HONOUR, in vociferous altercation. R.U.E. HONOUR comes down C., PARTRIDGE R., LADY B. crosses up to L.*) Partridge !

HONOUR. I tell you, I will tell her !

PARTRIDGE. (R.) But let me first explain——

HONOUR. (C.) My mistress shall hear——

PARTRIDGE. Nay, then let me speak——

SOPHIA. (L.) Honour, what is the meaning of this ?

HONOUR. (C.) It means that you are cozened and deluded, madam ; that your precious Master Jones boasts that he had to run away from your love, and now designs to marry your fine cousin Lady Bellaston there.

TOM. (R.C.) I swear this is not true.

HONOUR. Then ask that scanderbag——

PARTRIDGE. Scanderbag !

(*Exit PARTRIDGE R.I.E.*)

HONOUR. Who was the lady with him at Upton ?

LADY B. (*Crosses C. to TOM.*) A very amusing story ! And so this is Mr. Jones ? To be sure now I recognise him ! (*Aside, to TOM.*) So you followed me here after all ? (*Crosses up C. to Beaux.*)

SOPHIA. Lady Bellaston ! Nay, it is not true. (*Crosses to TOM R.C.*) Even now you did not know her.

LADY B. (L.C.) My poor child, would you have a gentleman of honour speak the truth like a booby ?

SOPHIA. (R.C.) Nor would I have him lie like a lady of quality ! Speak, Tom !

LADY B. (C.) What ? Are you dumb, Tom ? Surely you are too seasoned and varied a lover to be afraid of a discarded mistress. (*Goes up to R.C.*)

TOM. Madam !

(*SOPHIA crosses L.C.*)

LADY B. Nay, I will leave you to make excuses and adieux. Come, gentlemen !

(*Exeunt LADY B. and Beaux R.U.E. laughing.*)

SOPHIA. (*Goes up steps L.*) Come, Honour !

(*HONOUR follows SOPHIA.*)

TOM. Stay, Sophia—— I can explain.

SOPHIA. (*Stops on steps L.*) Explain ! What need is there to explain ? Say it is not true.

TOM. I cannot say that, but——

SOPHIA. Nay, then there is no more to say. (*To TOM.*) I thought you had been thoughtless. I did not think you could be treacherous. Come, Honour.

(*Enter PARTRIDGE R.I.E. Exit SOPHIA with HONOUR L.U.E.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Going up R. quietly.*) I'm going home. (*When he gets on steps up R. TOM sees him.*)

TOM. (*Seizing PARTRIDGE.*) Damnation seize thee! Fool! Block-head! (*Holds PARTRIDGE across his knee.*)

PARTRIDGE. Excuse me, sir. I will make amends.

TOM. Amends! You have amended me out of love and hope and all that made life possible. (*Throws PARTRIDGE L.*) I'll have no more of your impertinent meddling.

PARTRIDGE. Impertinent med—*Et tu, Brute!* I will go out into a corner and starve.

TOM. Starve?

PARTRIDGE. Yes, starve. I've been practising it all the week.

TOM. You had money.

PARTRIDGE. Had!

TOM. Yes, *had!*

PARTRIDGE. (*Crying.*) Past tense. The last of my little fortune paid our way to this—er—festivity.

TOM. (*Shakes him by the hand.*) Faithful old friend! (*Goes up on steps R.*) I'll go seek out Lady Bellaston, and now that I can speak my mind freely, I'll make a quick end of this mischief. And then if I may not live for Sophia, I'll be content to die for the King.

(*Exit R.U.E.*)

PARTRIDGE. While you're dying for the King I'm dying of hunger! (*Enter GREGORY L.U.E., who laughs, coming to PARTRIDGE C.*) What! The prime and streaky Gregory Chawbacon!

(*GREGORY takes PARTRIDGE by hand and helps him to rise. PARTRIDGE goes R.C.*)

GREGORY. (*L.C.*) I be running from Squire Western.

PARTRIDGE. Is the Squire here?

GREGORY. Ay, he be come to Lunnon to look for his daughter. She be here with Honour.

PARTRIDGE. Yes, I know. (*Meaningly.*)

GREGORY. What! have 'ee seen Honour?

PARTRIDGE. Ay, I have supped full of Honour. Though I be empty of all else, I have had more than enough of Honour.

GREGORY. She do want a man to knock some sense into her head—saying you was a better man than me. (*Crosses R.*)

PARTRIDGE. What! Did Honour say that?

GREGORY. Ay, marry! I said she must be gone crazy in her head.

PARTRIDGE. Gregory, let me look at you. (*GREGORY turns L.C. and PARTRIDGE looks at him.*) There is method in her madness. (*Going up L., stops.*) But, peace! I see her approaching.

GREGORY. (*Going up R.*) Then I be going to ask her to wed with I, and be done with love-making.

PARTRIDGE. (*Stops GREGORY.*) Nay, now, why not let me do it?

GREGORY. What? Will 'ee ask her?

PARTRIDGE. Ay, why not? You have tried and failed. No leave it to me. Get behind that tree. (*Points to R.*)

(*GREGORY gets behind tree R., leaving PARTRIDGE up C. PARTRIDGE strikes an attitude. Enter HONOUR L.U.E., comes down L.*)

HONOUR. La, Mr. Barber! Ye have broken my mistress's heart!

PARTRIDGE. I? I break hearts? Perfidious one! (*GREGORY laughs. PARTRIDGE signals him to be quiet, then goes down L.C. to HONOUR.*) What have you done with poor Gregory's heart?

HONOUR. Oh, he be a born fool! So Gregory have been talking to 'ee?

PARTRIDGE. Ay, poor Gregory! He is so eager to marry you—(*GREGORY laughs. Lowering his voice*)—because he'd like to knock some sense into your head!

HONOUR. (L.) What! Did he say that? Lud, if that be what he wants I be quite ready to make a match of it. (*Walks away angrily L.*)

(*GREGORY comes out up to R.C.*)

GREGORY. (*To PARTRIDGE.*) What did she say?

(*PARTRIDGE motions him back.*)

HONOUR. (L.) What's that? (*Looks about.*)

PARTRIDGE. (C.) What's what?

HONOUR. I thought I heard a noise.

(*GREGORY laughs.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*Confused.*) Oh, the autumn leaves are falling; the bark of the trees—

HONOUR. (*Cryingly.*) I suppose Gregory didn't tell 'ee how he do carry on with Lady Bellaston's maid, did 'ee, Mr. Partridge?

PARTRIDGE. (R. *Cryingly.*) No. Whisper! (*HONOUR whispers then goes two or three paces L. PARTRIDGE props her head on his shoulder.*) Tell me some more. (*HONOUR whispers again.*) No!

HONOUR. Yes he did. And I'll never speak to him again.

PARTRIDGE. (*They embrace.*) Let me kiss you better.

(*GREGORY appears, laughs, and comes R.C. to PARTRIDGE.*)

GREGORY. If you're doing that for me, you can stop.

PARTRIDGE. (*Lets go of HONOUR.*) Guileless youth! Can't you see I'm doing the best I can for you?

GREGORY. Oh, you *are* doing your best!

PARTRIDGE. Yes.

GREGORY. Nay, then, I'll leave it to you. (*Crosses R. up a little.*)

PARTRIDGE. (*To GREGORY.*) Gregory! Your hand. (*Takes GREGORY's hand, then speaks as if deeply moved.*) This simple trust touches me. But you are making a mistake. Have you ever considered what matrimony costs? No! Have you considered how much bacon and eggs your wife will consume? No! Have you considered how much your *children*

will consume ? No ! Three, four, five, six—nay, what am I saying ?
(GREGORY *laughs*.) Gregory, I'll tell you what I'll do ; I'll relieve you of
this dreadful incubus. I will sacrifice myself on the altar of friendship.
Gregory ! I will be the father of your children.

(*They commence arguing. HONOUR comes between them.*)

No. 22. TRIO—HONOUR, PARTRIDGE, GREGORY.

“ Wise Old Saws.”

HONOUR.

I.

Says a well-known saw, and a deep one,
And lovers believe it true,
That what's enough to keep one
Is ever enough for two.

PARTRIDGE and GREGORY.

If that be true,
Enough for two
Is logically plenty
For four, and thus
'Tis plain to us
We might go on,
Go on, go on,
We might go on to twenty.

HONOUR.

Saws, saws, wise old saws !
Give them all their due,
And let us pay respect to-day
Their ancient wisdom to.

OMNES.

Pause, pause, seek not flaws :
Let ripe old age content 'ee ;
Bow to them and pass 'em *Nem-*
I-ne dis-sen-ti-en-te.

HONOUR.

2.

As you make your bed you must lie there,
Another old saw doth say ;
Then do not wakeful sigh there,
But merrily snore away.

PARTRIDGE and GREGORY.

And thankful be
Eternally
That straw is cheap and plenty.
When joys do come
Ad libitum

They may go on,
Go on, go on,
They may go on to twenty.
Saws, saws, wise old saws ! etc.

(*Exeunt R.*)

(*Re-enter HONOUR. Enter SOPHIA, L.U.E., who meets HONOUR C.*)

HONOUR. (R.C.) Ah, madam, have you seen your father ?

SOPHIA. My father—here ?

HONOUR. Ay, madam, he's seeking you. He consents now to your marriage with Master Jones.

SOPHIA. Alas ! that can never be. But let us find him.

(*HONOUR and SOPHIA go up steps R.C.*)

HONOUR. (*Looking off R.U.E.*) You can't go this way, madam. Here's Master Jones with Lady Bellaston.

SOPHIA. Anywhere to avoid that woman !

HONOUR. Go there, in the arbour, madam.

(*Exeunt L. into arbour, as TOM and LADY BELLASTON appear R.U.E. talking loudly.*)

LADY B. (L.) What ? You would throw me off like a discarded glove when I have sacrificed to you my honour, my reputation—

TOM. (R.) If your ladyship means that my visits are the cause of scandal, the cause shall be at once removed.

LADY B. You wilfully misunderstand me. Have I not told you that my purse, my estate, is at your disposal ?

TOM. And I have told your ladyship that this is a favour I can never accept.

LADY B. (*Furiously.*) Nay, then, your behaviour is all of a piece. I am neglected, slighted, for a country girl, an idiot who shows her appreciation of your broken fortunes—

TOM. (*Angrily.*) Madam, I will not listen to your reproaches against her, which are as baseless as my claims to your favour.

(*Laughter and Men's voices heard off R.*)

LADY B. Confusion ! My friends. (*She rushes to arbour L. and is met by SOPHIA.*) Ha ! a pretty conspiracy ! (*To TOM.*) Nay, then, take your bumpkin ! (*To SOPHIA.*) I find he is but a beggarly low fellow, who has been an object of my charity.

(*Exit R.U.E., laughing loudly.*)

(*22a MELOS in Orchestra.*)

TOM. (R.) You have heard ?

SOPHIA. (*Coming L.*) All !

TOM. Then you know the depth of my disgrace, the hopelessness of my position. In pity can you forgive me ?

SOPHIA. The forgiveness must be yours. I should have trusted and did not.

TOM. Nay, forgiveness is the privilege of goodness and purity, Sophia.

SOPHIA. Tom ! (*Embrace.*)

(*Enter HONOUR L., comes up to R. and down R.C. ; WESTERN R.U.E. comes down L.C. ; PARTRIDGE R.U.E. comes down L. of HONOUR ; and GREGORY R.U.E. comes down R. of HONOUR. Enter CHORUS gradually R. and L.U.E.*)

WESTERN. (*Shaking hands with TOM.*) Why, Tom, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart ! (*To SOPHIA.*) Have you given consent, Sophy, to be married to-morrow ?

SOPHIA. Why, of course, father, since such are your commands. I dare not be guilty of disobedience.

No. 23; FINALE.

GREGORY	HONOUR	PARTRIDGE	SOPHIA	TOM	WESTERN
R.	R.	R.C.	C.	L.C.	L.

I.

Hark ! the merry marriage bells,
 Ding dong, ding dong !
 Ding dong, ling-along
 Come, you swains and damosels,
 Ding dong, ding dong !
 Bring the ring along !
 Quick ! you maids with cheeks like roses,
 Go you, gather pretty posies ;
 Hale the happy man along—
 Ding dong, ding dong, dong, ding dong !
 Bring his wavering mind to reason !
 Hymen's never out of season :
 Wedding bells ring aye the same
 For
 Lord and Lady,
 Squire and Dame,
 Goodman, Gossip,
 Hodge and Audrey !
 Come, you swains and damosels,
 Keep the merry marriage bells
 Ringing ding dong !
 Ding dong, ding dong !
 Ring out the merry marriage bells.

(CURTAIN.)

POPULAR COMIC OPERAS

By

W. S. GILBERT & ARTHUR SULLIVAN

—	The Pirates of Penzance	—
The Mikado	—	The Gondoliers
—	The Yeomen of the Guard	—
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